THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

A LETTER from Sir William Harcourt to his election-agent in West Monmouthshire was published on Tuesday. In this letter Sir William stated his reasons for postponing the meeting with his constituents which he had proposed to hold during the present month. The responsibility for expounding the objects and aims of the Liberal party, he said, would shortly pass into the hands of another, the choice of whom would be determined before the meeting of Parliament. In these circumstances he felt that a declaration on his part at this juncture might possibly embarrass the action of the future leader of the party in laying before the country the statement of principles and policy, both present and future, in home and foreign affairs which it would become his duty to set forth. Sir William, therefore, postpones—though, he trusts, only for a short time—what he has to say upon the political situation.

LORD ROSEBERY, writing to a correspondent who had called his attention to some criticisms upon his action with regard to the Soudan, has pointed out the reasons why, in his speech at Huddersfield, he objected to the expedition up the Nile. What he condemned at Huddersfield was, he declares, the "apparently purposeless character of the expedition at that time, and the inadequate or contradictory explanations of it given by the Government." If the Government had boldly declared that their object was Khartoum, and their policy the restoration of the Nile Valley to Egypt, Lord Rosebery says that he should not, and could not, have opposed that policy, except as to its opportuneness, for he had always been confident that Great Britain would never rest until she had repaired the disaster of 1885. From the moment when it was made clear that the Government meant to attempt the reconquest of the Soudan no criticism of the expedition fell from Lord Rosebery's lips.

THE usual list of New Year honours was published on Monday. It does not contain any very noticeable features. Lord Cromer has received a step in rank, and peerages are conferred upon Sir Philip Currie, Sir Henry Hawkins, and two loyal supporters of the Government—Sir J. R. Bailey and Mr. R. T. Gurdon. Among the gentlemen admitted to the Privy Council is Mr. Kenrick, the brother-in-law of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Kenrick has never taken a conspicuous part in politics or in Parliamentary affairs, but he is an amiable and honourable man who enjoys a well-deserved popularity among politicians of all parties. Following the publication of the New Year honours came the announcement that Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., had been appointed a judge in the High Court, in the room of Sir Henry Hawkins. Mr. Bucknill has represented the Epsom Division in the Conservative interest.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, according to his wont, delivered an address on New Year's Day to the members of the Positivist Society, at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane. In this he surveyed the political events of the past year. The appeal of the Czar to the nations of Europe to meet in congress for the purpose of stemming the tide of advancing militarism was a great act, which in any case must have indirect and far-reaching effects. If the Czar could teach the world how to cast out the devils of national vainglory and Imperial expansion, and the passion for robbing and crowing over their neighbours, he might do something real. Otherwise, he would only show how vain were the best intentions of rulers to cure the moral diseases of men. Our occupation of Egypt was the cause of our antagonism to France, and was a dangerous weakness to the Empire. All the friends of France would watch the present crisis in that country with breathless fear lest the huge engine of war she had created should plunge her again into military empire, directed by adventurers and priests. An enormous army, without a stable dynasty or state to control it, was the greatest danger to which a people could be exposed.

THE new development recently foreshadowed in the policy of the Cobden Club takes the form of an application of Free Trade doctrines to the scramble for "derelict" or decaying countries which is the great feature of civilisation at present, and the standing danger to European peace. The memorandum published by the Club last Wednesday points out that there is a general tendency to recognise that the rights acquired by "adventurers" in a barbarous or semi-civilised territory should not be ignored by any civilised Government

which may subsequently become its sovereign. This truth has, of course, been ignored by France in the cases of Madagascar and Tunis, and Lord Salisbury has acquiesced; but it is gradually becoming recognised, nevertheless. The Club goes on to point out that England does not want more territory, and that our sphere of conflict with other nations over new countries is limited to the question of commercial interests. Our policy, which must be maintained, has always been that of the recognition of the rights of other nations in commerce with these countries; and we shall disarm much foreign hostility to us by saying so. The fact that our colonies are mostly Protectionist, regrettable in itself, should afford foreign Powers an additional guarantee of our sincerity. We can tell them that we recognise the right of each to be master in his own house, just as we do that of Victoria or Canada, but that we do not recognise their right to exclude commercial adventure from the new markets it has found. An understanding of this kind, the Club urges, is the first condition of the success of those aspirations which are expressed in the Czar's manifesto, and it intends to influence British foreign policy towards that end.

THE memorandum will, we believe, do a great deal of good, and appeal to those sections of the great European nations whose interest in "expansion" is practical and not sentimental or Chauvinist. German merchants know very well that our colonies offer them a much better field than their own; but the talk of our own patriots about an "Imperial Zollverein," and so forth, necessarily makes Continental spectators doubt whether our Free Trade principles are permanent or sincere. Happily, the course of events in China and Africa has shown where our interest lies, and the Cobden Club have done well to give the lesson expression and emphasis.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S work in the cause of temperance reform has been cordially acknowledged by the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, of which Sir Wilfrid Lawson is the head. They have formally thanked him for the great progress towards a definite solution of the drink problem achieved by his Local Veto Bill. They declare that after three years of discussion of alternatives it still holds the field, and they express in emphatic terms their admiration of his championship of the poor and the oppressed classes whom their efforts are designed to aid. Their letter is a well-deserved testimonial to the retiring leader, as well as a compendious statement of the present position of the mass of temperance workers.

THE speeches delivered since our last issue have been of minor interest. That of Sir Charles Dilke at Gloucester last Saturday was a defence, against certain classes of old-fashioned Liberals, of a strong navy and an efficient army as tending to promote the ultimate aims of Liberalism, and a demand for more light on the policy of the Government in China. As to this latter question, Mr. Yerburgh, who has been chiefly noticeable as a dissatisfied Conservative, assured his constituents at Chester on Wednesday that he was satisfied with the Government now, and that its policy was that of "spheres of influence"—which is, to say the least, uncertain. At the same meeting Lord Ashbourne referred in a hopeful strain to the impending elections of the new local authorities in Ireland. Sir Richard Webster's speech at Cranleigh in Surrey, on the same evening, was notable for its forecast of the Ministerial programme for next session. The government of London is to be dealt with—to its detriment, of course—and Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for enabling working men to buy their own houses will be brought forward. It is a commendable aim, though the question, "Freehold or Leasehold?" is not yet answered. Sir Richard Webster also indicated his inclination towards those schemes of redistribution of seats by which certain Unionists propose to infringe the Act of Union. On Thursday evening Mr. Haldane, speaking in West Perthshire, prophesied that the Liberal party would soon get through its period of reaction; and Sir Charles Dilke told his constituents at Newark that the question would probably be settled by the selection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

ALTHOUGH the Duke of Northumberland was never a conspicuous figure in public life, and had for some years lived in almost complete retirement, his sudden death last Monday is an event which deserves some passing notice. Dukes are still important figures in English society, and there is hardly any dukedom which has retained the old attributes of the order more completely than that of Northumberland. A Duke of Northumberland might occupy a post in a Ministry—always, of course, a Conservative Ministry—in order to show that it enjoyed his confidence; but his real duties and responsibilities lay among his own people and upon his own vast estates. The position of a Duke of Northumberland was, indeed, not unlike that of a mediatised Prince in Germany. Even to the present day, when our manners have been so greatly simplified, the Duke of Northumberland lived in his own county in semi-regal state. Alnwick Castle, as a residence, is not without a distinct resemblance to Windsor, and on his great possessions the Duke of Northumberland has always retained some of his old feudal prerogatives. It is satisfactory to know that the last Duke and his two immediate predecessors were fully alive to the duties of their position, and did their utmost to promote the social welfare of their army of tenants and dependants. The old traditions of our nobility are so fast dying out amid the changed conditions of our social life that it is not a bad thing that here and there some notable example of the old order should be retained.

THE advent of the New Year is marked by a period of educational conferences and celebrations. The winter meeting of the College of Preceptors was inaugurated on Tuesday by an address from Sir Joshua Fitch, interesting chiefly from its suggestions of the methods, lying mainly outside mere school routine, by which teachers might better promote the higher aims of their work. Among the subsequent papers we may notice Mr. P. A. Barnett's warning against narrowing down the conception of the "good man" till it coincides with that of the good citizen (a warning as old as Aristotle, but never more needed than to-day) and Dr. Rein's sketch of the German system of training teachers, in which the speaker maintained what will be a hard saying for young University men—that every teacher must begin his teaching in an elementary school. The Pestalozzi celebration on Wednesday, which was another item in the very varied programme of the proceedings, was marked by an address by Sir Joshua Fitch, insisting on the services of the reformer in substituting the knowledge of things for that of names and words. His spirit lives, it was pointed out, in the better side of the Prussian system to-day. The Association of Head Teachers, now in session at Birmingham, has dealt chiefly with those technical subjects that specially concern the head masters of primary schools. The Presidential address, however, censured, as they deserve, the current misrepresentations of the value of the religious education given in Board schools, and laid stress on some of the questions which will arise during the coming delimitation of the provinces of

primary and secondary education. Next week the Teachers' Guild will hold its annual congress, and will, we hope, give some useful suggestions in the matter of its future reform of secondary education to a Government which is not likely to be overzealous in the cause.

A MOST amusing satire on the proposal for storage reservoirs, with which the water companies' supporters are fighting the scheme of the London County Council, has been supplied this week by a letter inserted, apparently in all innocence, in Monday's *Times*. There are two obvious objections to the Staines scheme: one, that Thames water is dirty, which its partisans say can be met by allowing it to deposit its dirt; the other, that to take water out of the river at Staines will make it a mere ditch when it gets to tide-water at Teddington. So "An Outsider" suggests, why not take the water *after* it has passed Teddington Lock and mingled with the tide? "Even at its dirtiest it is quite fit for watering streets and flushing drains." (Is it? Then why is the less muddy water of surface drainage carefully kept out of the sewers under the most modern systems of sewage?) "And, if allowed to settle and filtered, it would be equal to any water that is supplied by any of the London water companies." So the writer suggests that one of them should "buy up St. Katharine's Dock as a settling and pumping station. It would be cheaper than bringing water from Wales." We hardly think the water companies will relish the imputation on the quality of their water; but we thank the *Times* for the effective sarcasm with which it thus demolishes its pet plan.

ABROAD.

THE victory gained by Colonel Lewis over the Dervishes on the Blue Nile, some four hundred miles above Khartoum, on the day after Christmas, should go far to complete the pacification of the Eastern Soudan. Lord Cromer's speech at Omdurman on Wednesday will, it is to be hoped, reassure the sheikhs, and convince them that the British and Egyptian troops have come, not as conquerors, but to restore order and peace. He told them that the religion and religious customs of the Mohammedans are to be strictly respected; even the Mohammedan sacred law is to be enforced; and he was careful to point out how greatly the character of the Egyptian Government has changed since it held the Soudan half a generation ago. Moreover, he promised that no attempt would be made to govern the country from Cairo or from London. The administration would be centred in the Sirdar. The reception of the speech is of good omen for the success of the new *régime*. No doubt some of the corollaries of the principles laid down will prove a hard saying for eager philanthropists in England. But unless we conciliate the inhabitants, and accustom them gradually to British rule and British ideas, civilisation will never gain any hold on the Soudan at all. But what will France say?

THE official ceremonies which mark the beginning of the New Year in Continental capitals, and sometimes serve as the means of throwing light on foreign politics, were this year without much significance. The German Emperor's influenza, though happily not of a very serious type, prevented the appearance of any imperial commentary either on the Czar's Conference, or on that German military Bill which stands in such strong contrast to it, or on the petty policy of expulsions and prosecutions which is still being maintained by the Prussian bureaucracy, and detracts so greatly both from the existing glory of Germany in learning, and from the success she is achieving in commerce. At the Elysée President Faure, in receiving the diplomatic body, took occasion to declare—with reference, of course, to the Fashoda crisis—that France sincerely desires the maintenance of peace. At Rome M. Barrère, the French Ambassador to the Quirinal, dwelt, very naturally, on the importance of that Franco-Italian Commercial Convention which he has done so much to achieve. At Brussels and at Berne the French Ministers received representatives of the French residents in these cities, and emphasised the injury done to French interests abroad by the present agitation in France.

THE latest development of this agitation has been prematurely revealed to the world, and its promoters have so stultified themselves as almost to ensure its failure. A "Ligue de la Patrie" which includes such notorious anti-Republicans as the Duc de Broglie and M. d'Haussonville, with a pronounced Clerical like the Comte de Mun, is hardly likely to make for peace at the present crisis; nor do the names of various distinguished representatives of literature and learning, such as MM. Gaston Boissier, Ferdinand Brunetière, Henri Houssaye, and Paul Bourget, tend to restore confidence. The League announces, in somewhat grandiloquent language, that its members feel that the present agitation cannot go on without danger to the country and to the army, and that they propose to work "within the limits of their professional duty" to maintain the traditions of the French nation, "reconciling them with the progress of manners and of ideas"; to work in this sense, independently of any party spirit, by speech, writing, and example; and to "strengthen the spirit of solidarity which should unite throughout time all the generations of a great people." M. Brunetière has ingenuously explained that the speeches are to be delivered at semi-private "ticket meetings"; and M. de Kérohant of *Le Soleil*, who has deprecated the treatment of Colonel Picquart, has been refused admission to the League. The revelation has caused a split, too, in the staff of that paper. In such ways is "solidarity" promoted. The announcement has drawn some effective criticism. M. Gaston Boissier points out that the League absolutely ignores the Court of Cassation; M. Lavisse, in a most amusing letter to *Le Temps*, chaffs the authors of the manifesto, says he prefers "solidarity" with more recent generations than those, for example, whom Cæsar conquered, assures them, on his authority as a professional historian, that the past is quite able to take care of itself, and asks whether the traditions or the modern ideas are to be most considered in the process of reconciliation. The truth is that the snare is a little too obviously spread in the sight of the prey.

THERE seems to be some hope of an effective revival and combination of the Progressive forces in Belgium. For fifteen years Liberal divisions, and latterly the complications introduced by Socialism, have thrown the government into the hands of the Clericals; now, it appears, a kind of working arrangement has been entered into between the Moderate Liberals, the Progressives or advanced Liberals, and the Socialists, in view of the next Parliamentary elections. Hitherto coalitions between these parties have been only local and partial; the new arrangement contemplates a common platform with four "planks": universal suffrage, one man one vote, and abolition of the plural vote now based on property, and higher education; personal military service for all alike; compulsory primary education; and labour legislation. It is possible that the last-named "plank" may bring over some of the Christian Socialists, whose leader, the Abbé Daens, has suffered much from his ecclesiastical superiors since he had the temerity to stand in opposition to an eminent Clerical and Ministerial candidate.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THANKS to her Clericals and to the Nationalists whom they have led astray, Hungary begins the new year in a very anomalous condition. She has no Budget; her Customs Union with Austria, her relation to the finances of the whole Monarchy, and her very currency arrangements, are without proper Parliamentary sanction; indeed, even when Parliament is sitting, she has no proper Parliamentary Government. The Nationalists' attempt to start a general strike against taxes has failed so far. M. Maurus Jókai, the well-known novelist, is reported to have paid his own taxes in advance, and to be encouraging his fellow-countrymen to do likewise, and his example has been extensively followed; but so far only individuals have had the chance of refusing to pay. The tussle will come, we imagine, when the constituencies which are represented by Opposition members have the opportunity of obstructing, in their corporate capacity, the demands of the Central Government—for recruits, for instance. There are renewed rumours that Baron Banffy's resignation is impending, and that a compromise is about to be effected with the Nationalist Opposition, involving the reconstruction of the present Government without its obnoxious Premier; but they do not seem intrinsically probable. The situation has not altered much, apparently, since the conspicuous manifestation of Imperial confidence in Baron Banffy which took place a fortnight ago. Happily, his duel with the Nationalist leader, M. Horansky, which has at last come off, has left both combatants intact.

CUBA was formally transferred to the United States' authorities on New Year's Day without disturbance. General Gomez, the Cuban leader, nearly made one by demanding that the transfer should be made to the Cuban leaders conjointly with the representatives of the United States. But his colleagues did not back him, and the proposal was obviously inadmissible. Troubles are, no doubt, in store for the new administrators of the island, but the last days of Spanish rule afforded a fresh set of exhibitions of incompetence. According to the letter from an officer of the United States Navy, published in Tuesday's *Times*, the Spanish authorities had no money to pay the Havana city police. Considerable arrears were due, but were not forthcoming; and when the men demanded them with violence an attempt was made to shoot them down. However, the soldiers refused to fire, and the police were shipped off for Spain, leaving destitute families behind. The transports which are taking back the Spanish troops are "crowded to suffocation," and the men arrive home in broken health, ragged, and destitute. Charitable Americans in Paris have sent them clothing; but the Spanish Government absolutely refuses to allow it to be given to them. One is inclined to think that the great safeguard against a *pronunciamento* must be that the Army is too ill to respond to one.

IN the Philippines the prospect of trouble is more serious than in Cuba. There is some prospect of a conflict between the United States troops and the Filipinos at Iloilo; there are reports of a massacre of Spaniards at Balaban, and of the holding of Spanish women for ransom, which we presume will necessitate American interference. The President's proclamation just issued, requiring the Filipinos to lay down their arms and assuring them that the United States come as friends and not as conquerors, seems unlikely, at present, to produce the desired effect. Thirty-four thousand United States troops are in the islands, and the number is to be raised to fifty thousand, and active preparations are being made for an American Pacific cable—by which we should do well to take example. Every effort, however, is to be made to avoid any open breach with the Filipinos until after the treaty of peace has been considered by the Senate, and it appears to be sure of a majority. Certainly such an amendment as that just announced by Senator Caffery of Louisiana only indicates what no intelligent Legislature can recognise as practical politics. He proposes to treat the Philippines like Cuba, and to announce that the government will be transferred to the natives when it is possible to do so. This merely shows that American opponents of expansion do not recognise the diversity of races in the Philippines, any more than many Englishmen recognise the similar diversity in India. We can hardly suppose that the Sultan of Sulu, for example, will accept a Filipino Protectorate.

LITERATURE.

IT is seldom that the commercial and legal aspects of literature can be transmuted into literature itself. However, Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., is about to republish the substance of the seven lectures on copyright which attracted a good deal of attention when they were delivered by him some months ago. "The Law and History of Copyright in Books" (Cassell & Co.) will contain a general introduction to the subject and an account of its origin and history from the time of the first copyright statute, and throughout the period of literature wherein the author is most at home, down to the present day. Apart from the attractions conferred by the style of the author of "Obiter Dicta," the book will be eminently valuable to authors, publishers, and all who take an interest in the questions involved.

THE TIMES—alone, we believe, among the great papers of the world—has for many years been indexed in quarterly volumes by the enterprising Mr. Palmer; but it is now proposed by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode to issue a monthly index, apparently of a much more detailed character. This is to be compiled under the direction of Miss Nancy Bailey, whose admirable work on "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates" has earned her the gratitude of all who have occasion to refer to that publication. The first number of the new index will appear early in February, and we understand it will refer in detail to the contents of the leading articles, and specify the events mentioned in the foreign telegrams—a very great convenience. Also, at the end of the year, the matter contained in the monthly volumes will be rearranged in alphabetical order and published as a yearly volume. This will be a greater convenience still, and the price, all things considered, is not excessive.

THAT admirable work of an eminent English scholar and French diplomatist, "Shakespeare en France sous l'Ancien Régime," by M. J. Jusserand, will shortly be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in an English version made by the author himself. M. Jusserand is to be transferred in the service of his country from London to Lisbon, but this will not check his elucidations of English literature. Of his "Literary History of the English People," in particular, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin some years ago published the first volume, coming down to the Renaissance, two more volumes are still to come.—Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. promise for the end of the month a revised edition of Mr. E. A. Reynold-Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts."—It will be more fully adapted to the needs of the ordinary traveller, and will describe places of interest so fully as to obviate the necessity for an ordinary guide book, while the attention paid to the needs of invalids and winter residents will be undiminished. It is in the spring, we fancy, that plans for the next season begin to be made, and the time

of publication is, therefore, opportune.—Mr. Rider Haggard's "Dr. Therne," a novel with the laudable purpose of protesting against the anti-vaccination movement (Longmans, Green & Co.), has just been the subject of an appreciative resolution on the part of the Jenner Society, to whose members it is dedicated.—"Evil and Evolution," a small book by the author of "Life in Our Villages," which has passed through three editions, will shortly be reissued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in a fourth.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G., had sat for a borough now extinct in the last unreformed Parliament, and had represented a division of the county which gives the title from 1852 to 1865. He had held offices under various Conservative Premiers, including that of Lord Privy Seal in 1878–80. He was a benefactor of all local institutions, notably of the Durham College of Science, and—though himself an Irvingite—of the See of Newcastle.—Surgeon-General Sir James Mouat, K.C.B., V.C., had achieved distinction in the Crimean Wars and in New Zealand.—Señor Matias Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington and formerly Secretary of the Mexican Treasury, had done something, both by example and precept, towards developing the resources of his native land.—Mr. Edward Righton had been known for nearly half a century as an able and versatile comedian.—Mrs. Charles Mathews had been for more than a generation a conspicuous figure in the theatrical world on both sides of the Atlantic.—M. Paul Mikhailovitch Tretiakoff had enriched the city of Moscow with an admirable collection of the works of Russian painters.—M. Édouard Hervé had been an eminent Opposition journalist under the French Empire, and was the founder of the *Soleil*, to-day the ablest and least narrow of the anti-Republican newspapers of France.

JINGOES OR PATRIOTS?

THE letter from Lord Rosebery which appeared in the papers on Tuesday morning was absolutely conclusive on the question that had been raised as to the writer's consistency. Some thoughtless persons had expressed surprise that Lord Rosebery had shown the natural satisfaction of an English subject at the capture of Khartoum, seeing that three years ago he had criticised the action of the Government in starting a military expedition up the Nile. He had an easy task in demolishing this foolish criticism. Three years ago all Liberals felt alarm at the idea that England was about to embark on a vague military enterprise on the Nile, having no stated object of importance, at a moment when grave dangers threatened our country in other directions. At that time, it will be remembered, the Eastern Question had reached an acute stage. Lord Salisbury had been baffled at Constantinople by the action of the Russian diplomatists, and nobody knew what was to be the next act in the never-ending drama of Turkish cruelty and duplicity. In the Far East, though there was no acute crisis, there were signs easily to be read by the wise which portended a coming storm. It was at this moment that, without rhyme or reason, Ministers suddenly announced their intention to despatch a great military force up the Nile, not to attempt the recapture of Khartoum—for we were expressly assured that this did not enter into the intentions of the Government—but to achieve some object which nobody on the Treasury Bench seemed able to define. Taking the confused and conflicting statements of Ministers as being true, Liberals were unanimous in condemning an expedition for which no proper justification had been alleged. If Lord Salisbury had stated explicitly that he desired to wipe out the reproach which rested upon us in consequence of the loss of Khartoum, a great many Liberals—probably the overwhelming majority of the party—would have acquiesced in his determination. Very few of us have been able to resist the feeling that our position in Egypt imposed upon us, as a duty, the reconquest of the great strategical point where a flourishing and civilised town once stood. Nor would any Liberal have been surprised that the present Government desired to effect this object, for of living statesmen the two who have the largest share in the responsibility for the loss of Khartoum—the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain—are actually members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. If, therefore, when the expedition was first announced, we had been frankly told that it was to go to Khartoum, though many of us would have questioned the timeliness of the operation, few would have opposed it actively. But, as we have pointed out, Ministers not only did not tell us that Khartoum was the point at which they were aiming, but expressly denied that this was the case. Believing that in these declarations they were speaking the truth, the Opposition, then under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, most justly and properly criticised the action of the Government.

We need not stop to discuss the question as to whether Ministers were speaking the truth when they explained the objects and scope of the Nile expedition in the beginning of 1896. Our own belief is that they were quite truthful in their statements, and that they foresaw no more than the rest of the world did that, a couple of years after the expedition first started, the English flag would be flying over Omdurman. But, putting aside this point, we have to ask why Liberals who criticised the action of Ministers in 1896, and the confused and contradictory explanations of it which were given at the time, are to be blamed now and charged with inconsistency because they rejoice that this mission has terminated in the recovery of Khartoum and the restoration of the Upper Nile valley to civilisation? Surely no one doubts that it is a good thing that the hideous cruelties practised for so many years by the Khalifa have been finally ended? No Liberal can possibly wish that Khartoum had *not* been recaptured by the Anglo-Egyptian force under General Kitchener. We have always protested against the silly and vulgar talk about "avenging General Gordon"—talk which would have been more hateful to that hero than to any other human being. But every man whose vision of the field of duty is not limited by the bounds of his own parish, must rejoice that deliverance should at last have been carried to the oppressed peoples for whom Gordon gave up his life. To insist that we have no right to rejoice over the accomplishment of these things merely because three years ago we protested against the manner in which Ministers were committing the country to an enterprise the scope of which they lacked either the courage or intelligence to define, is sheer folly. As a matter of fact we feel certain that every true Englishman, including those who are most strongly devoted to the cause of peace, rejoiced that victory rather than defeat fell to our lot on the field of Omdurman. Even those who feel the hatefulness of all war, and who recoiled with horror from the story of wholesale carnage, were glad in their hearts that at the end of the terrible ordeal it was the flag of England, the symbol of civilisation and progress, that emerged in triumph from the struggle, rather than the black standard of the Khalifa.

We cannot pretend to shut our eyes, however, to the fact that there are some among us who—we presume sincerely—contend that those Liberals who recognised the triumph of our arms in the Soudan, and who did not shrink from maintaining the necessary consequences of that triumph, are guilty of the offence of Jingoism, and are therefore to be held as accursed by all true professors of the Liberal creed. The word Jingo is most deservedly regarded by sensible people as a term of reproach. It represents at the best a virtue run to seed, and at the worst one of the most cruel of all human follies. But it is a word to which a new meaning will have to be given if it is to be applied to those who rejoiced over the final success of our arms in the Soudan, and who supported the Government of Lord Salisbury in the steps which were made necessary by the appearance of Major Marchand at Fashoda. If to think it right that a great country, which has given formal and solemn warning of its intentions in a certain eventuality, should on the occurrence of that eventuality maintain the position it had thus deliberately taken up, is to be a Jingo, then it will be impossible in future to distinguish between Jingoism and the truest kind of patriotism. We do not for a moment suppose that the Liberals who are now talking so freely about the "Jingoism" of their own party are really anxious to take away from that word the reproach which now attaches to it, but this is undoubtedly the end they would gain if they were to convince us that there was any Jingoism in the attitude of the Liberal statesmen who discussed the Fashoda question during the past autumn. That a wave of warlike excitement passed over the country last September cannot be denied. It would have been marvellous if it had been otherwise. The nation, after many weeks of suspense, had just seen a great campaign brought to a brilliant and triumphant close. It had heard the frank acknowledgments which came from all quarters abroad of the completeness and the conspicuous merit of that achievement. And then, at the moment when it was under the influence of a natural and irrepressible elation, it suddenly learned that a great and friendly State had, in deliberate defiance of the warnings addressed to it both by a Liberal and a Conservative Administration, surreptitiously taken a step which seemed to make it possible that the legitimate fruits of the victory just achieved might be snatched from our grasp. It was a most unfortunate incident, and it could not possibly have happened at a more unlucky moment. The wonder now is that, in the prevailing state of excitement, nothing was said or done that made a great war inevitable. That some newspapers and even some Ministers indulged in Jingo sentiments, we are not prepared to deny. But our wonder is that Jingoism was not far more rampant than it was. And in any case, what Liberal statesman adopted a Jingo attitude? We challenge those who now raise this foolish cry of Jingoism to cite a single passage from any utterance of a Liberal politician that can truthfully have that description given to it. The one thing that was done by Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and the other Liberals who took part in the discussion of the Fashoda question was to make it clear that they had not receded from the declaration which they themselves had made publicly and with the full approval of their party when they were the Ministers of the Crown, and that they would support the Government so long as it also stood by that declaration. If they had not done this they would, according to their critics, have been free from the charge of Jingoism. Our own opinion is that if they had not done it they would have been open to a still graver charge, that of want of patriotism.

THE REVENUE.

THE revenue is going up by leaps and bounds. We have now before us complete returns for nine months out of the twelve which end on the 31st of March next. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was thought by most financial critics to have been rather sanguine in his Budget estimates last year. But the Government are in luck, and what is more important, the people are in funds. It is pleasant, and almost ludicrous, to contrast the lamentations of pessimists over the decline of British trade with the steady increase in the demand for dutiable articles which the accounts from Somerset House disclose. The quarter which ended on the 30th of September was not encouraging. Although the increase over the previous year in the first quarter had been nearly half a million, this was almost wiped out by the decline in the quarter which succeeded it. But the third quarter is better than the first, and has far more than made amends for the deficiencies of the second. It shows a net increase of more than three-quarters of a million. On the three quarters taken together, the net increase exceeds £800,000. The worst feature of the second quarter was the extent to which the revenue from customs fell off, because it seemed to justify the gloomy forebodings of German-fearing croakers. This decline has received a decisive check, though in that respect the figures do not quite come up to those for the first quarter of the year. The reduction of the duty on tobacco was supposed to explain the heavy fall in customs between June and September. But this obviously cannot be the reason for the difference between the second quarter and the third. Either, then, the consumption of tobacco has been stimulated by lowering the duty, and there will ultimately be no loss to the revenue at all, or the receipts from other sources are making up for it. The latter explanation is probably the true one. We cannot quite believe that the whole of the remission has gone into the pockets of the tobacconists, as some grumblers declare. But at the same time the purchaser of small quantities enjoys no direct pecuniary gain. It is said that he gets an article with less water, and therefore better for smoking. Free traders cannot afford to admit that either the producer, the manufacturer, or the dealer gets the benefit of diminished taxation. The consumer must profit by it in the long run.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated the annual loss on tobacco at £1,100,000. On the first six months it was £600,000, which looked like a slight excess. But as on the third quarter it is not quite £200,000, his advisers may expect to be justified by the event. The marvellous accuracy of the staff both at the Custom House and also in the Department of Inland Revenue has been highly but not unduly praised by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer from Mr. Gladstone downwards. There has been during the last three or four months a marked revival of trade, and better trade at home, of course, implies the purchase of more articles from abroad. Mr. Ernest Williams and his school are convinced that Germany will some day ruin us by selling us cheap goods, and taking our products in exchange. We await the result of this process with an equanimity born of acquaintance with the first principles of economic science. The receipts from excise, or inland revenue, have been entirely satisfactory throughout the financial year. In the first quarter they advanced by the unconsidered trifle of £70,000. In the second quarter the rise was £150,000, while £480,000 is the measure of their

growth in the third. A perceptible proportion of the national income is unhappily derived from the weakness of people who drink more than is good for them. But there are no signs that drunkenness is increasing, so that we may take a cheerful view of the expansion in this branch of the Revenue. There is, indeed, no form of expenditure which tests more surely the material prosperity of the masses. A very small percentage of those who drink beer drink too much of it, and the fact that they can drink it shows that they are not badly off. The consumption of native spirits is a less innocent kind of indulgence. But whisky is not, in moderation, a deleterious beverage. It is cheaper than good wine and better than bad, besides which it makes the claim of being "recommended by the Faculty."

Sir William Harcourt is still his successor's best friend. The estate duty continues to bring in all, and more than all, that was expected from it. In nine months the receipts have increased by £300,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. As Sir Michael Hicks-Beach only estimated for a growth of £150,000, he has been agreeably disappointed. It is improbable that there will be any reaction in the final quarter. The death of Baron Rothschild is a windfall for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a substantial benefit to the taxpayer. On the other hand Beech's case is serious. The House of Lords, affirming the Court of Appeal, have there decided that property settled with a reservation of life interest does not become chargeable with estate duty on the death of the settler. There is, therefore, nothing to prevent the owner of freehold property from relieving his heir of the duty by executing a transfer of ownership to operate at once, while keeping for himself the enjoyment of the income so long as he lives. Most people will always prefer to keep the whole of their property in their own hands. But there is a sufficient minority to give trouble, and the decision of the Lords, which is, of course, final, will cost the country some hundreds of thousands a year. It was certainly not the intention of the late Government, or of the late House of Commons, that the tax should be thus evaded. The present Government must be held to concur with their predecessors, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted and defeated an amendment which would have expressly made the law what the House of Lords now declare it to be. The late Duke of Northumberland is said to have executed some such deed as was produced in Beech's case, and if so the loss to the Revenue will be considerable. Sir Michael will scarcely have the courage or the consent of his colleagues to introduce an amending Bill, which the Opposition would necessarily support. So far as the diminished receipt from stamps means that fewer companies are being floated, it is not a subject for unqualified regret.

THE CHANGE OF RULERS IN INDIA.

TO the two persons most concerned it may seem a curious example of the perversity of human affairs that the part assigned by destiny to the retiring Viceroy, and the problems at present set before his successor should be so very different from those they would personally have preferred. The cool-headed Scottish nobleman, sent out by a Liberal Government, has had to deal not merely with great economic and social crises, with which his disposition and training had fitted him to cope, but with domestic alarms which have been met by severe measures of repression, and frontier difficulties which have given an opportunity for the promoters of the Forward Policy to assert their views and carry them into effect. The ardent Imperialist, who knows the North-Western frontier as campaigners know it, whose florid eloquence has depicted British India as the central element in the Empire, has, to all appearance, to face chiefly problems fitted for the pacific arts of the political economist. The plague is wearing itself out after its fashion in mediæval Europe, and the natives are apparently coming to accept European measures of prevention. The famine has been successfully vanquished, and each visitation of famine tends appreciably to reduce the dangers of the next. With the passing of these scourges the political unrest may fairly be expected to decline. The frontier question is settled, and the recent collapse of the Mad Mullah's invasion indicates that, for the present at least, the tribes are loyal to British rule. We have always condemned the Chitral settlement, and we still hold to our opinion. Nevertheless, we do not adopt the view that because one has condemned a policy as dangerous, one ought not to express satisfaction when it achieves success, which would be but a fatuous sacrifice to consistency; or that the non-realisation of its attendant dangers is a conclusive proof that they never existed at all.

Lord Elgin's part in this matter has been, quite legitimately, the subject of much adverse criticism in England. We have taken part in that criticism; but, as we took occasion to point out in a former article, criticism centres only on certain aspects of Indian affairs, and ignores the daily problems of Indian Government. No Viceroy has ever had so many abnormal difficulties crowded into his term of office; and the responsibility for those methods of dealing with them which have been most criticised rests with the home authorities rather than with their representative in India. In his own work the retiring Viceroy, on the testimony of the highest authorities in England of both political parties, has displayed exceptional competence and ability; and has dealt with problems grave enough to tax the ablest administrators who have ever lived in a manner which, on the whole, has been justified by the event. We may see the germs of future troubles on the road to Chitral or in the repressive measures enforced in the Bombay Presidency, and in the reactionary reform of the Calcutta municipality now pending, which virtually annihilates popular control. We may excuse these, more or less satisfactorily—as good Liberals used for many years to excuse Irish Coercion Acts—as disagreeable but exceptional necessities. But we do not think that these questionable incidents in the administration of India can fairly be set against its daily success. Compare it with the work of the French in Tonquin, or, for that matter, in Algeria: and yet neither of those countries presents the hundredth part of the ordinary difficulties of the Indian Empire. Yet Lord Elgin has not only faced these ordinary difficulties with success, but has coped with no less success with the extraordinary difficulties of famine and plague.

The problems before his successor are those of internal development. Indian problems, it has been said, centre in finance, and the great problem before the Indian Government in the near future is that of currency reform—a problem which touches many powerful interests in India and England alike, but the settlement of which, as Lord Elgin indicated, is the first condition of that flow of capital to India which alone can relieve the lack of money among its people. Currency reforms, when sound, are expensive, yet this one must be achieved under the advice of the Commission shortly to report, and

without adding to the burdens of the Indian taxpayer. Currency reform, or rather the stability of exchange which it will promote, is, moreover, the condition of that railway extension which alone can develop the resources of India and render her able to cope with the next famine. Though the Indian railways have all but doubled in ten years, their mileage is at present absurdly small relatively to the population and area of the country compared, for example, to the ratio in Argentina. Though investments, they are deferred investments—at least to the State. How to reform a currency, and how to promote internal improvements, without adding to the burdens of a people whose taxable capacity has reached its limit—such are the great problems which, to all appearance, the new Viceroy will have to solve. Behind the rather diffuse and pompous eloquence with which the House of Commons is familiar there is, according to the testimony of those who know the new Viceroy best, an immense amount of energy and power of apprehension. At present he confines the expression of his programme to a desire to hold the scales even. That is the business of every Viceroy, and sufficiently difficult in itself. From the present holder of the office we have to expect a sound economic policy. Perhaps it is too much to hope for two other items—a removal of the reactionary measures called forth by the recent crisis and a reform of the Indian Army which shall obviate such exhibitions of incompetence as took place during the frontier war. Nevertheless, if Lord Curzon is to prove a strong Viceroy, he will have to achieve both.

A COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CURIOUSLY little attention seems to have been paid by the general public to a remarkable suggestion made by Lord Salisbury a month ago, which has, we have reason to believe, been very seriously and favourably considered by those who are most competent to form an opinion. We may quote the actual words—tentative and vague as they are—which he used in his speech to the Constitutional Club on 16th December last:—

> There are a number of things I would gladly explain to the representatives of the people of this country if I could explain them without also explaining them to every Court in Europe. It is a great disadvantage to feel the want of such an institution as the Committee of Foreign Relations in the Senate of America. It is impossible that we should have it, because neither of our Houses of Parliament has any analogy to the Senate; but it is a great advantage that a Minister can meet persons not of his own political opinion and explain the real reasons which have urged him to a course of action. That is denied to us. But you can imagine that when we are told, as we sometimes are, we ought to have made a treaty with this or that Power, we should like to be able to say to someone that the making of a treaty is like a quarrel, it involves two; and if other people are not willing to make treaties, it is very difficult for you to make them yourself.

We may note, in the first place, that Lord Salisbury's knowledge of things American is not quite complete. Each House in Congress has its Committee of Foreign Relations, and if the House of Lords is not a Senate, the House of Commons is much more than a House of Representatives. The peculiar authority of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee is due to the constitutional power of the Senate, without whose assent the Executive cannot make a treaty. If it were our object to form in England a committee of equal authority to the Senate Committee there need, however, be no insuperable difficulty about getting it together. We might either have two committees—one of the Lords and the other of the Commons—or we might have a joint committee of Lords and Commons. The latter would be the better plan but for one fact. The usual way of constituting joint committees is for each House to nominate an equal number of members, the representatives of each being apportioned to the political parties with approximate regard to their relative strength in that House. This may work well enough in non-controversial matters, but would obviously be ill adapted to things on which party differences are keen, for the Liberals would be in a permanent minority on a committee so formed. The difficulty might perhaps be got over by the House of Lords agreeing that the members chosen by them should always be equally divided between the two political parties, thus ensuring that the Government would have a majority, though only a slight majority, upon the committee. Even to this the Irish and extreme Radicals, who are not represented at all in the House of Lords, might feel some objection, but by the system of give-and-take usual in our constitutional arrangements it might be understood that they would be somewhat over-represented on the delegation from the House of Commons. Thus, for instance, a committee of twelve members might be formed consisting of Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kimberley, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Maclean, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Dillon. If it was thought desirable, on the analogy of the Public Accounts Committee and of the American Committees, to leave the executive unrepresented, there would be no difficulty in finding other available Conservatives, though for our part we regard this as a point of little practical importance.

That some such committee might sometimes be useful we may readily admit. There are questions of foreign politics better discussed in secret session than in the hearing of reporters. Prime Ministers who led a less retired life than Lord Salisbury have sometimes been able to discuss such questions with their opponents informally; but we cannot make it an absolute rule that there shall never be a Prime Minister who has no intimate acquaintance with his opponents in the other House. The responsibility of formal communication is always more satisfactory than the conversation behind the Chair, without the documents, and with the chance of misunderstanding. Nor is this all. We believe that there are many occasions where the mistakes of the Foreign Office might be corrected if important steps, or despatches, were previously considered by an impartial committee of experts. The Foreign Office is not so competent departmentally as it ought to be, and even if, by opening it to ordinary Civil Service competition, more capable officials were admitted to it, much time must elapse before such men ripen into the equals of the chief European officials. There has, for instance, scarcely ever been an international arbitration in which the terms of reference have not been settled in a sense unfavourable to England, and this mainly from want of knowledge of international law and of the facts of the cases to be fought. Many mistakes might be avoided by a little independent inquiry and criticism before it becomes too late.

On the other hand, if such a committee is to be constituted, everything must be confided to it, in the frankest and fullest way. Let us explain the danger by an example. We must not have attempts to entrap the leaders of Opposition into an ill-considered acquiescence in Government policy such as that gained from Sir William Harcourt in the

case of the South African Committee. Tricks of this sort may be tried in three ways: by an incomplete presentation of the despatches, by a misleading account of the future steps of policy contemplated, and by mysterious hints of high danger to the State if more were said. In America the astute lawyers who form the Foreign Affairs Committee are not very easily put off. But the lawyers in England take comparatively little share in debates on foreign policy, and we are not quite certain that the somewhat excessive rules of reticence applied in England would not prevent the committee getting to the bottom of things. It must further be remembered that the sense of party responsibility for the acts of leaders is less keen in America than with us. Many Liberals felt estopped from taking further action on the Raid question in deference to Sir William Harcourt's opinion. In the American Senate Senator Jones would not be silenced merely because Senator Morgan was satisfied. Properly speaking, there is not, and never has been, anyone in America occupying the position of leader of Opposition, and the rank and file do not therefore feel that difference of opinion would be of the nature of a breach of discipline. From the point of view of an English Opposition, there are serious objections to allowing their leaders to enter this outermost Cabinet. But if we could be quite sure that the committee would be fairly treated and fully trusted, we might put up with this party disadvantage in the best interests of the State.

INSURANCE.

WITH the advent of a New Year, a suitable opportunity is presented for offering some observations on the course of insurance operations during the past twelve months. With regard to life assurance business there is little enough to chronicle; but though we are, necessarily, without the figures which would permit of a definite statement, casual information obtained in insurance circles goes to indicate that companies have nothing to complain of in the volume of business secured. Nor have there been influenza epidemics, or other fortuitous circumstances, to affect unfavourably the normal mortality experience. The only influence, indeed, adverse to the prospects of life offices is supplied by the continued financial difficulty, the fall in the rate of interest obtainable on mortgages and other first-class securities in which life-assurance funds are at present invested. It is, of course, a fact reassuring to the public that while the leading offices assume in their valuations a yield of 3 per cent. only, the average rate actually realised is close upon 4 per cent. Still, actuaries, looking to future possibilities, are, on the whole, disposed to think that no great amelioration is likely to take place, and that a decrease in the rate of "profits" allotted to policy-holders must be looked for, especially in the cases of those companies whose periodical valuations fall to be made at the present time. The problem of interest in life assurance, by the way, received expert attention in the November issue of the *Banker's Magazine* at the hands of Mr. A. G. Mackenzie, a Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries. In an able article, Mr. Mackenzie points to the financial difficulties which must arise from "the rapid accumulation of huge funds seeking spheres of profitable employment," and declares that "the hoarded thrift of generations bids fair to glut the investment market with a plethora of competitive capital." With nearly 250 millions requiring investment, and the companies competing vigorously *inter se* at home and abroad for satisfactory channels of profit, this statement is none too forcible. And Mr. Mackenzie goes further than that. He has calculated that if the decline in the rate of interest were to proceed at the same rate as that shown by returns extending over the last twenty-six years, it would bring us to a yield of £3 6s. 6d. for the year 1921 and to £2 15s. for the year 1946. Such a state of affairs would obviously work havoc with life assurance companies, and as the writer can suggest no better means of meeting the situation than widely-extended powers of investment and the exercise of skill and judgment in using them, it is consoling to find him at the conclusion softening the outlines of his statistical bogey by reminding his readers that the companies have special opportunities of investment, and that "the great majority of life offices are in a strong position, and were never better prepared to meet the threatened acceleration of decline." This indeed is the saving clause. We think things need hardly turn out so badly as Mr. Mackenzie fears, and that the reserves of the life offices (which have been continuously strengthened since the entry of the Act of 1870) will enable them to cope successfully with such financial adversities as are likely to arise. But "bonuses" must come down—that is inevitable—and it will not be surprising if in some cases the vanishing point be reached.

The past year will most probably turn out a better one for fire offices than 1897. The big fires of Cripplegate and Melbourne came then in November, at a time when fire managers had reason to be particularly contented with the course of trade up to that point. But no such disasters have broken the even tenor of last year's prosperity, and trading accounts should, therefore, show entirely satisfactory margins of profit. In a successful but uneventful year, perhaps the striking feature has been a deliberate curtailment of business on the part of some of the great fire offices. Here various reasons suggest themselves: legislation in certain foreign countries is sometimes purposely framed to hamper British offices in the extension of their business, and in such cases our companies may well prefer to shake the dust from their departing feet. Then the means of fire prevention and extinction in certain districts are notoriously inadequate, and risks from these centres, if accepted at all, are largely reinsured. In any case, the indications are that fire managers are coupling prudence with energy, and that our fire-insurance business continues in an extremely satisfactory condition.

As for the accident companies, they have had all the excitement of the year with the entry of the new Workmen's Compensation Act. It is, however, far too early for the profitable character of the business to be established or disproved, though the balance of expert opinion leans here to the affirmative, at all events under the conditions at present existing. Meanwhile, enormous sums have been paid to the leading accident offices in premiums, and competition has been so keen as sometimes to degenerate into a scramble. Mr. Chamberlain's *dicta* have been completely upset. Except in a few instances, employers have not formed the mutual associations he advocated, and so far from refusing to pay the premiums charged by the companies they have been only too glad to shift their responsibilities at the prices asked. The reports of accident companies for the present year will now be awaited with unusual interest.

Of the other and minor branches of insurance one of the most consistently progressive is burglary insurance, which is gradually emerging from an unstable infancy into a vigorous adolescence. Companies undertaking miscellaneous business are hastening to add this branch to their other departments, and whereas in 1897 there were only a dozen companies transacting the business, twenty would be considerably nearer the mark at the present time. An excellent report for 1897, issued by the National Burglary Insurance Corporation, may be instanced as happily indicative of the present status and future possibilities of a well-devised and enterprising scheme.

FINANCE.

AFTER its brief New Year's holiday the Stock Exchange met on Tuesday morning in a very sanguine frame of mind, and put up prices in all directions. But very soon a change set in, and political apprehension once more revived. That this came from Paris is beyond question. The continued naval preparations in this country, although they are accompanied by quite as eager preparations in France itself, continue to excite serious apprehensions that a crisis is approaching in the relations between the two countries. Even the decision of the Bank of France nearly a fortnight ago to refuse to discount financial bills for the great French banks who are employing their money upon a large scale in Germany and Austria is interpreted by many in Paris to mean that the Bank of France is afraid of political troubles and is desirous of strengthening its reserve in every possible way. All this vague feeling that has been accumulating in Paris for some time made itself evident on Tuesday in more than one way. In the first place, a rumour was set afloat that it is intended very soon to recall Sir E. Monson; and in the second place, there was large selling by French holders of copper shares and other securities which had been put up in London. The effect of the feeling in Paris was heightened by the weaker tone in New York, where it seems to have been come to be believed that a quarrel between this country and France is impending, and where, moreover, the probable troubles in the Philippines have caused some uneasiness. The weakness of Paris, followed rapidly by weakness in the other Continental Bourses and the lower prices in New York, had a depressing effect here in London, and next day the market was again weak, and disquieting rumours once more circulated. Apart, however, from the relations between this country and France, there is quite enough in the internal condition of the latter country to account for the nervousness of brokers in Paris, and the shattered state of Spain naturally also has a depressing effect. For it is to be recollected that French investments in Spain are enormous in magnitude, and that if there is, as most people expect, an utter collapse in Spain, the losses to French investors would be very serious. Then, again, the condition of Austria-Hungary is very disquieting, and, lastly, the financial difficulties of Russia are a matter of some consequence to France. There appears to be no doubt that the Russian Government has tried to borrow in New York, having already failed in Paris and Berlin, and it seems to be certain that an attempt is about to be made to borrow in London. Whether a Russian loan can be floated anywhere remains to be seen. But it is certain that the Russian Government is as yet unwilling to pay what all who would care to bring out such a loan think to be necessary. Meanwhile the famine in Russia appears to be gaining in intensity; while money is sorely wanted for railway construction, especially for the great Siberian Railway, and for naval and military purposes. Still, trade itself is exceedingly active, and is improving in every direction. It is just possible that money may become so dear as to give some slight check, but it is extremely improbable. Money, no doubt, will not be so cheap as it has been; but there will be plenty of money for all real requirements, and almost every department of industry is doing well at the present time. This is shown very clearly in the revenue returns for the nine months ended last Saturday night. The increase is much larger than was estimated for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is probable that there will be a further increase in the remaining quarter. On the other hand, everybody knows that just before the last session came to an end a very large supplementary estimate was voted by Parliament, and that since then we have had continued naval preparations. That the expenditure will be very heavy is a matter of course. But as the revenue is growing so rapidly, there is every reason to anticipate that the deficit will not be serious.

Just for the moment money has been abundant and cheap this week, as, indeed, was fully expected. The payments of interest are on an enormous scale. For example, one single great house paid on Monday a million sterling in the form of interest and dividend on account of Governments, companies, and corporations for which it acts as agent, and that is only one single institution in the City. These payments will continue for a few weeks, and during that time money will be so abundant that rates will rule unnaturally low. But there will very soon be a recovery in rates, firstly because, as already said, the revenue is growing in a most satisfactory way, and during the remaining quarter of the financial year the portion of the revenue to be collected is abnormally large—nearly all the income taxes, for instance, will be got in between now and the end of March. The payment of the taxes will lock up an immense amount of money in the Bank of England, and give that great institution control for the time of the outside market. In addition to this, there is a very strong demand for gold in the open market for the United States, Russia, and Germany. There is nothing to suggest, for the present at all events, that the United States will require to withdraw gold from the Bank of England. But it is possible that the metal may be withdrawn for Germany. The apprehensions existing in Paris, and especially the decision of the Bank of France not to take financial bills, have compelled the leading joint-stock banks here to withdraw money from Germany, and to make the payments the German banks have to obtain the funds wherever they can. Regarding Russia it is always impossible to speak with any degree of confidence. The Russian Government wraps up its financial operations in such impenetrable mystery that even its own agents do not know its intentions and very often do not understand its actual transactions. Whether, therefore, Russia will withdraw gold from the Bank of England nobody can say. It is certain that Russia has been accumulating gold for a considerable time past upon an enormous scale, and that she continues to accumulate it still. A great deal of the gold that has been sent to Berlin has in reality gone to St. Petersburg. But whether that will continue or not nobody can say. Meanwhile the fact that very little of the gold which is coming here from abroad is sent in to the Bank of England, while so much is bought up for the United States and Germany, is exciting some apprehension that the present rates of interest and discount are absurdly low, and that in a few weeks the market may become suddenly stringent. The India Council continues to sell its drafts wonderfully well. It offered for tender on Wednesday 60 lacs, and the applications considerably exceeded twelve times as much. The whole amount offered was sold at about 1s. $4\frac{1}{32}$d. per rupee, and a small amount was sold by private contract at 1s. $4\frac{1}{16}$d. per rupee.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—If the peoples of India like high-sounding, not to say "high-falutin'," eloquence, they must be pleased with their new Viceroy. To the colder-blooded people of this latitude it must seem that Lord Curzon was not altogether happy in his inaugural oration at Bombay yesterday. It was too ornate, too artificial, pitched in too high a key. Yet everybody knows that the new Governor-General is a thoroughly sincere as well as a very able man, and there is no reason to doubt that he will be able to discharge the great duties of his office

thoroughly well, provided he can keep free from temptation to make speeches which always have a pompous and grandiose sound to those who listen to them. He must take warning by Lord Ellenborough, who would have been a much better Viceroy if he had been less proud of the sound of his own voice and the rounded periods which distinguished his eloquence both in India and the House of Lords.

The Globe, I see, is greatly struck by the action of the Earl of Buckinghamshire in the Aylesbury Division, and it expresses the hope that Unionist peers will henceforth be able to interfere in elections without interference on the part of censorious Radicals. There is a touching simplicity in this pious wish on the part of *The Globe* that is distinctly edifying. I was under the impression that the Unionist peers by no means required the promptings of *The Globe* to induce them to interfere in elections for the House of Commons. It is, no doubt, a misfortune for Liberalism that the overwhelming majority of the peers are bitterly hostile to Liberal principles. This, however, is one of the disadvantages with which Liberals must put up, so long as we have a House of Lords like the present. In the meantime, no real Liberal wishes to proscribe anybody merely because he happens to be a peer. Not many months before his death Mr. Gladstone received a visit from a young Liberal peer. As the latter was leaving Hawarden Castle, his illustrious host followed him to the door of his carriage, and, after saying farewell, added these words in a very impressive tone: "Remember, Lord ——, I have never thought, and never said, that any man ought to be regarded as ineligible for political work, or for any office whatever, merely because he happens to be a peer." The policy of proscription clearly found no favour with Mr. Gladstone.

Monday.—The New Year's list of honours is not remarkable in any way. If one or two names included in it cause a faint sensation of surprise, it cannot be said that there is any appointment against which anyone will feel moved to protest. Some of the promotions are indeed of a kind that will command universal approval. The list is a party one, but that is inevitable nowadays. The Tory party would hardly have so many docile members if it were not for the thought of New Year's Day and the Queen's birthday that is constantly present in so many minds.

Mr. Bryn Roberts has not chosen a very happy way of championing the cause of Sir William Harcourt, and Sir William himself must feel that he has small reason for feeling grateful to an advocate whose zeal is untempered by discretion. What is remarkable, however, is the fact that any man of ordinary intelligence should have been foolish enough to swallow the ridiculous fiction that Sir Edward Grey, an Under-Secretary, ventured to make a grave declaration of public policy "off his own bat," and without authority from his chief. If Mr. Bryn Roberts had devoted a little more care to the preparation of his speech he would not have misled his constituents by making this egregiously nonsensical statement. He should have known that the ex-Premier had formally and publicly associated himself with Sir Edward Grey's declaration, and that consequently it was absolutely untrue to say that Sir Edward was alone responsible for it. As for the "conspiracy" against Sir William Harcourt, I can only repeat what I have said before—that it exists nowhere except in the heated brains of zealous and ill-informed partisans like Mr. Roberts.

Tuesday.—Lord Elgin's speech at Calcutta yesterday was free from rhetorical fireworks, but was none the less effective on that account. The retiring Viceroy has not the "brilliant" record of his successor, but the latter will be a fortunate man if he leaves behind him as solid a reputation as Lord Elgin does. Despite the unhappy incident of the frontier war of 1897, he has had a term of office which, whilst beset by many grave difficulties, has been almost uniformly successful. It will be curious if he should not receive some mark of the Royal favour on his return to England.

Lord Rosebery's letter on the subject of his Huddersfield speech ought to put an end to a very curious confusion of thought which seems to have arisen in the minds of not a few people. It appears to be supposed that, because most Liberals disapproved of the "wild and random" dash into the Soudan in 1896, they cannot therefore approve of the capture of Khartoum or of the subsequent occupation of Fashoda. As a matter of fact, the reasons why Liberals disapproved so strongly of the original expedition up the Nile were: first, that the time was unpropitious, as we were even then threatened by grave complications both in Eastern Europe and in Asia; secondly, that Ministers, by their own showing, had no fixed plan, and expressly disclaimed all intention of going to Khartoum. They were, in fact, entering upon a hazardous military enterprise without any clear objective in view, at a time when all our strength ought to have been kept in reserve in case of other emergencies. If they had said that they proposed to re-take Khartoum, then, though many would have objected because the time was unpropitious, very few would have found fault with the object of the enterprise. Lord Rosebery, at all events, has always been consistent on this subject, and his speech at Huddersfield does not in the slightest degree impair either the effectiveness or the logical consistency of his speech at Epsom.

There will not be such a haul for the national exchequer as might be expected from the death of the Duke of Northumberland. A year or two ago his Grace transferred his estates in part, if not wholly, to his son Lord Percy, and all accounts for rent, etc., have since been made out in Lord Percy's name. Apart from this fact, the Duke was a man who consistently strove to live up to the duties and responsibilities of his high position and immense fortune. He had neither the geniality nor the munificence of Duke Algernon, the last of the older branch of the family; but he was an eminently worthy person, who won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Only those who have lived under the shadow of Alnwick Castle know how much of feudal state and power still attaches to the dukedom of Northumberland. The Dukes have the right of burial in their own family vault in Westminster Abbey. This fact alone is significant of the greatness of their place in the commonwealth.

Wednesday.—Sir William Harcourt has been the victim of so many cruel hoaxes that there was some justification for the doubts inspired by the appearance of his letter to his election agent in the evening papers yesterday. Happily those doubts have now been set at rest, and the genuineness of the letter is admitted. It is generally regarded as a happy utterance. One may perhaps also see in it Sir William's practical refusal to be led further into that field of personal recrimination upon which, in his letter of resignation, he seemed anxious to enter. In the meantime the question of the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Commons remains practically in the position in which it was when I last referred to it. There will be no contest for the post such as that which preceded Lord Hartington's election four-and-twenty years ago. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman finds that his health will enable him to take up the duties of the office he is likely to be elected with practical unanimity. No one has shown a stronger desire to see this result brought about than Mr. Asquith, whose freedom from self-seeking has given him another claim upon the respect and gratitude of his party. In one or two quarters there has been a disposition to propose that Sir William Harcourt should be asked again to become the leader of the Opposition, but the suggestion has met with no encouragement from Sir William himself, and it would certainly not meet with the unanimous support that would be needed to insure a successful result.

The story about Sir Edmund Monson's withdrawal from Paris was a mere *canard*, and one that deceived hardly anybody. But it gave one of the halfpenny evening newspapers an opportunity for achieving distinction with a bill bearing in startling letters the words: "Recall of the British Ambassador from Paris." Evening newspaper placards certainly do nothing to raise the Press in the esteem of the public.

Thursday.—The "new departure" of the Cobden Club is a rather startling incident in the evolution of politics. I do not gather, however, that the Club purposes to preach Free Trade and Open Doors with the sword in hand, and that, at all events, is something gained in these days when everybody shows so much readiness to talk about war. Still, it is clear that the time is coming when the country must have some clear explanation of its position and policy in many different directions. No ordinary person on this side of the Channel can understand the marked uneasiness which prevails in France with regard to the intentions of England. Nobody here is conscious of having any ill-feeling towards the French people or any desire for war. That there are certain outstanding questions between the two countries that ought to be settled in the interests of both is, of course, notorious. But there is no reason why any one of these questions should be withdrawn from the control of diplomacy based upon mutual fair-dealing. Yet the French seem to think that we are deliberately resolved either to subject them to grave humiliation or to force them into a war. Surely there must be some mistake here. But in any case it is not well that we should be left in the dark as to what is really passing between our Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay. The meeting of Parliament will give us an opportunity of getting some light upon a mysterious situation.

I hear that Sir William Harcourt contemplates a short visit to the Continent. Whether he will be back in England before Parliament meets I cannot say. The statement that a meeting of the members of the Opposition in the House of Commons will be held on the eve of the opening of the Session, for the purpose of electing Sir William Harcourt's successor, is an obvious guess. Such a meeting must of course be held, but neither the time nor the place has yet been fixed.

Friday.—Lord Cromer's speech at Omdurman yesterday must be regarded as an official proclamation of the fact that the sovereignty of Great Britain in the Soudan has been formally and finally assumed. There has, of course, for months past been no doubt that this must be the end of the series of events which have taken us all the way from Alexandria in 1882 to Fashoda in 1899, and possibly the manner in which the announcement has been made is the best that could have been chosen. Yet, considering the extreme sensitiveness of our French neighbours, one cannot but regret that Lord Cromer's proclamation has not been made with their direct assent. However, the die is cast, and the English and Egyptian flags will now fly side by side at the junction of the Blue and White Niles until some great revolution changes the face of the world.

Sir Charles Dilke's references to the Liberal leadership are interesting because they indicate what is now the general belief among Liberal Members of Parliament. That is that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will be unanimously invited to take the position vacated by Sir William Harcourt. It is difficult to imagine a better selection.

THE NEW FRENCH LEAGUE.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, after the Zola trial, M. Ferdinand Brunetière sneered at the "intellectuels" who dared to criticise a court-martial. What right had they—mere professors of literature, science, and the arts—to express any opinion on military justice? Seven officers had condemned Dreyfus, and to suggest that they did this on improper evidence and in defiance of the law; to hold that, at any rate, justice might have miscarried, was a piece of intolerable presumption on the part of the scientific intellect. Then M. Brunetière proceeded to show that science, at the best, even when not in conflict with an infallible court-martial, was of no value to mankind. Since this performance the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has learned something. The continual demonstrations of distinguished professors in favour of revision and against the treatment of Colonel Picquart, have persuaded M. Brunetière that it might be as well to have an intellectual party on the other side. The resignation of M. Lavisse, Professor of History at the military college of St. Cyr, showed that the situation was serious. Here was a teacher of cadets who had been avowedly in the habit of telling his pupils that the Army, being identical with the nation, could not be above the law. Finding it impossible to reconcile this theory with the present attitude of the Army towards the law, M. Lavisse gave up his post. Plainly it was high time to find "intellectuels" whose motto was "The Army, right or wrong!" M. Brunetière set himself to this ennobling task. His special qualifications cannot be disputed. Of all the sinners against the light he is the chief. He withheld from publication a volume about Voltaire and Jean Calas for fear the similarity of the two cases might help the cause of Dreyfus. He declared that the great objection to revision was that the prisoner might be found innocent. He has the hardihood now to say that the Dreyfus case is fortunately in the judicial sphere, which it ought never to have left. As if a military tribunal were as judicial as the Supreme Court! "Unsurpassable perfidy and cant" is the judgment Mr. F. C. Conybeare passed upon the conduct of M. Brunetière. It may be pleaded in mitigation that "La Ligue de la Patrie Française" shows its moving spirit to be less of an astute intriguer than a fatuous bungler.

Some of the "intellectuels" M. Brunetière has picked up are curious specimens. There is M. François Coppée, for example, true poet, charming story-teller, and with about as much civic judgment as M. Déroulède. There is M. Herédia, of the Academy, another poet of undoubted talent and little sense, though he has not, like M. Coppée, subscribed to the fund for the vindication of the scoundrel Henry. M. Coppée objects to justice for Dreyfus because it will be purchased, he says, with "millions of francs." In other words, the Supreme Court is bribed by the "Syndicate" to acquit an innocent man! It is frankly announced that any "intellectuel" who expresses sympathy with Dreyfus or Picquart, or who wishes justice to be done and truth to be upheld, is disqualified for membership of the new League. The editor of *Le Soleil*, who, though a conspicuous Royalist, is a revisionist, because, being a man of commonsense, he cannot see how the administration of justice can be inimical to the interests of France, is told that M. Brunetière will have none of him. Drumont may join the League, though M. Brunetière professes to have no sympathy with Anti-Semitism; but every revisionist will be excluded, though M. Brunetière has expressed his joy to see the Dreyfus affair once more in the judicial sphere. Prince Victor Napoleon's partisans may be Leaguers, but the Prince himself is under the ban, for he has declared that he cannot understand why patriotism demands the glorification of forgery. If Prince Victor is not careful, he will forfeit the esteem of General Zurlinden. When Colonel Picquart was a witness at the Zola trial, the *petit bleu* had not been tampered with. Commandant Lauth, asked whether he thought Colonel Picquart had forged this document, replied, "Yes, but I have no proofs." The "proofs" have since been fabricated in order that General Zurlinden

might imprison Colonel Picquart indefinitely on the charge of forgery. As Prince Victor seems to have committed himself to the proposition that the honour of the Army is quite distinct from the malpractices of certain officers, clearly he cannot be a candidate for the Patriotic League.

The hand of the bungler is visible in M. Brunetière's initial formula. He would have it believed that his is a League of "reconciliation." All true patriots are to rally in support of the Army. Frenchmen who think something is also due to the representatives of the law are not patriots. M. Brunetière seeks to identify men like M. Gohier, who know that the Army needs reform, with the Socialists, who are opposed to all military organisation. If all the "intellectuels" practised M. Brunetière's logic, they would deserve the scorn he used to heap upon them. Though not an Anti-Semite, he welcomes the co-operation of *La Libre Parole* in the work of national reunion. Why, then, should the revisionists who want a reformed Army refuse the help of M. Jaurès? Every sensible man knows that the majority of the Dreyfusards are as devoted to the Army as any of their opponents. But they are not devoted to a corrupt General Staff, to rogues like Henry and Du Paty de Clam, to the Merciers, Billots, and Zurlindens, who seek by perjury and forgery to shield the criminal and destroy the innocent. It is true that amongst M. Brunetière's "intellectuels" there are a few from whom better things might have been expected. There is M. Albert Sorel, to whom M. Gaston Paris has addressed a sorrowful remonstrance. M. Paris looked into the manifesto of the League for some evidence of respect for the magistracy as well as for the Army. "The love of justice is the noblest and the most essential mark of civilisation. We have always been in accord, my dear friend, on this point." But the "dear friend" of M. Paris has joined a League which studiously excludes justice from its programme. Hitherto M. Paris has cherished the belief that to be a true "intellectuel" is to cultivate the critical spirit as an instrument in the search for truth. He can find no trace of this in the manifesto, for the excellent reason that the suppression of the critical spirit is essential to the cause of the General Staff and of M. Brunetière's new friends amongst the Jesuits. The manifesto proposes to "reconcile with progress the ideas, manners, and traditions of France." And this is to be done by treating justice and truth as foreign to the "traditions," because the Zurlindens do not like them! Men who have attached their names to the Henry subscription have their ideas of the national "traditions;" but such ideas do not commend themselves to M. Paris. It is inevitable that the Supreme Court will agree with him and not with them. When that tribunal pronounces judgment, it will be impossible for any sane and honest Frenchman to believe that Henry committed forgery or cut his throat for the love of his country. It will be impossible for decent citizens to uphold the infallibility of the court-martial which sent an innocent man to a horrible prison. But if M. Brunetière's League is still in existence, its members will have either to admit that they are not decent citizens, that they are not sane and honest, or to qualify their admiration of the military oligarchy which rejects the verdict of the Court. To this agreeable dilemma M. Brunetière is leading the "intellectuels" who have foolishly accepted him as a guide.

MR. THACKERAY AND MR. BRIEN.

THE New Year Honours and a question under discussion in *The Daily Chronicle* cause a problem of the social conscience to be revived. Is a man upon whom the Sovereign has conferred a title of ennoblement rightly on that account the subject of our increased esteem? Are "lady" and "gentleman" words which are properly applicable only to persons of a certain class? The latter question is the more immediate; it is the more difficult, and a correct answer to it would help much towards the solution of the other. The correspondents of *The Daily Chronicle* are divided in opinion. The majority, oddly enough, are in favour of the theory that only men and women of good birth or of certain official ranks are entitled to be called ladies and gentlemen. The minority, however, are zealous, and some of them reason with great cogency. One, a guardian under the Poor Law, declares that whenever he visits the workhouse he says to the inmates, "Good-morning, ladies and gentlemen." He has been ridiculed by other controversialists, and it might indeed be shown that his use of the phrase in dispute robs it of all distinctive meaning; but the guardian has a surprisingly good reason for his civility. It is that, although one is a pauper now, one is not necessarily to be a pauper always; that his mode of salutation reminds the inmates of that fact, and that, in the result, their self-respect is sustained or strengthened. The guardian's argument, of course, is more amiable than rational. A weary workhouse woman who is pleased by being assured that she is a lady would be more pleased if she were assured that her rank was higher still. The guardian's postulate, therefore, would justify him in saluting the paupers as princes and princesses. Mr. Frank Brien, another of *The Daily Chronicle's* advisers, is not so easily dealt with. Although a dock-labourer, he is a vestryman, a council-man, and a member of the London Conciliation Board. Whenever a chairman speaks to him and his colleagues, the chairman says "Gentlemen," not "Gentlemen and Mr. Docker." Mr. Brien invariably returns the compliment. He is often called upon to address meetings, and always says, "Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen." "We could not," he remarks, "go off with 'Mr. Chairmen, men, and women.'" Mr. Brien is obliged to conclude that "we, the working-class, have as much right to style ourselves gentlemen as to be styled as such." His logic seems irrefragible; but there must be a sophism in it. It leads to extravagance. Does Mr. Brien believe himself to be a colonel in the Queen's Army because he is frequently addressed as such by sellers of matches in the streets?

If not, we trust, he will perceive our point, which is that the sellers of matches are not more indiscriminate in their civility than the chairmen of public meetings. Mr. Brien's principle that we are all entitled to consider ourselves what we are called is full of bewildering possibilities. If we may hang a dog because we have given him a bad name, surely it is only right, when we give a good name, that an obese pug should be entitled to consider himself a mastiff. On the same principle, King Menelik would undoubtedly be a blood-relation of our Sovereign because Her Majesty, in writing to him, calls him "Cousin." These possibilities being manifestly absurd, we must search elsewhere in the scriptures of *The Daily Chronicle* for true guidance. The choice is wide. One correspondent says that *lady* means *loaf-giver*, and that that settles the matter. Any woman who does not go out of her way to be kind to the poor is not a lady. This view has the sanction of Mr. Ruskin, who expounded it in a lecture to the girls of Dublin. It has the merit of being appropriate to this season of good-will; but it does not lead us far. Rather, it would lead us too far if we responded unreservedly to its emotional appeal. Before giving the credit of ladyhood to anyone, even the fairest of the fair, we should have to satisfy ourselves that the loaves were all right. That would be inquisitorial, and not so generous as all the correspondents of our thoughtful contemporary are anxious to be. It might even cause many of those who prize the title to let their

left hands know what their right hands did, and that would render their philanthropy less virtuous. Besides unjustly excluding many persons from the rank of lady, the loaf-giving criterion would let in not a few whom severe moralists, such as the correspondents under review, would be horrified to hear of as being in any rank at all. It is not impossible to believe that many of the unclassed give loaves when they can spare them, and even when they cannot. We mention this not as a hint that those persons are entitled to no social consideration, but only to show that the question which is agitating our contemporary cannot be settled by the rhetoric of emotion. It is equally unyielding to satire, which is only emotion inverted. Mr. Thackeray, who was a satirist, was sometimes solemn. "What is it to be a gentleman?" he asked. "Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly, and to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? I have met the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we shall salute as gentleman whatever his rank may be." If we may judge from "The Book of Snobs," Mr. Thackeray cannot within these blest isles have found many occasions for his salutation. Having refreshed our memory of that work, our firm conviction is that if we are to accept his standard of judgment the only real gentleman in England was Mr. Thackeray himself.

We shall not, however, be so precipitate. Mr. Brien is a sounder philosopher than Mr. Thackeray was. Mr. Brien has an open mind and a cheerful catholicity. Mr. Thackeray, in the snobbish book, has neither. There he rails at us for thinking that a man who has made a fortune, or won a battle, or eminently improved a political party, is the more distinguished because the Sovereign has bestowed a title in reward. This arraignment takes us to the heart of the question. If we had Mr. Thackeray's pen, we should slash the doctrine to pieces with much precision. It is really very absurd. We have a right to the feeling which he ridicules with so much asperity. The right is both natural and logical. Anyone who makes any of the achievements which Mr. Thackeray mentions is a great man. Why should not his greatness be acknowledged and given a distinguishing stamp? We never yet heard of a social philosopher who thought anyone else a snob because his respect for a friend was stimulated on finding that he possessed many golf medals and cricket bats, and other trophies of superiority in games. Why should anyone be rebuked because he holds himself in a similar attitude of respect towards those who, in the greater affairs of life, have had their superiority acknowledged? Mr. Thackeray and many others would say that that is because the acknowledgment takes the form of a title, not that of a lawn-tennis racket with an inscription on silver. Now, how could the country and the Queen present a racket to Mr. Curzon or to the Sirdar? Reason and the sense of humour are aghast at the thought. Also, reason and humour issue in logic, and the logic is not pleasant to the philosophate of Mr. Thackeray. When one comes to think of it, the person who is habitually on the outlook for a snob is a bit of a snob himself. He is, that is to say, no gentleman. He is only an inquisitive and censorious person lacking repose. This reflection shows us how, when we are so minded, we can make categories of the persons, women and men, who are not ladies and gentlemen. The categories are to be compiled from all ranks of society. That, however, is only a negative solution of the problem which *The Daily Chronicle* is discussing. It indicates, roughly, the types of women and men to whom the words "ladies and gentlemen" do not apply. It leaves us without knowledge as to the types to whom the words do apply. Happily, although not one of them has perceived the fact, the controversialists in *The Daily Chronicle* are at one on a very important point. Implicit in the contentions of all of them is the affirmation that there is need for the words. Some would restrict their use; others would expand it. All of them affirm that there really are persons who are ladies and gentlemen as distinguished from persons who are not. All affirm, that is to say, that worth is worth, and that to acknowledge the fact is neither snobbish nor in any other respect wrong. How the acknowledgments are to be apportioned is another question. "Was it the gentleman with an eye-glass who served you, madam?" inquired a shop-walker of a customer who wished to check her bargain. "No, sir," said she; "it was a nobleman with a bald head." That answer hit the mark. Often rather a cold douche, common-sense amid varying circumstances affords the only solution of the problem in *The Daily Chronicle*.

THE ANCESTRY OF MAN.

IT is not a little curious that the close of 1898 was signalised by two facts apparently diametrically opposed to each other. The one is Seton-Karr's expedition to Somaliland, with a view to ascertain the precise whereabouts of the region where the Garden was planted "eastward in Eden"; the other is the publication in English, by Messrs. A. & C. Black, with the title of "The Last Link," of Haeckel's address on Our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man, which he delivered in August last at the Fourth International Congress of Zoology at Cambridge. The expedition to Somaliland in search of a vanished Eden and the brilliant speculations of the German naturalist both show, though in different ways, how keenly felt is the want of a solution of what Heine called "the riddle of life"—

> Was bedeutet der Mensch?
> Woher ist er kommen? Wo geht er hin?
> Wer wohnt dort oben auf goldenen Sternen?

Huxley put the matter more earnestly in his "Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature." "Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over nature, and of nature's power over us; to what goal are we tending—these are the problems which present themselves anew and with undiminished interest to every man born into the world." The riddle is coeval with Man.

Just about thirty years ago Darwin wrote from Down to Haeckel, "Your boldness, however, sometimes makes me tremble; but, as Huxley remarked, some one must be bold enough to make a beginning in drawing up tables of descent." It is this very boldness, joined to German love of detail, that marks the characteristic difference between Darwinism and "Haeckelismus." Darwin was content to posit the descent of Man from hairy, arboreal, tailed ancestors, in turn descended from aquatic animals, and so back to a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. His task was to clear the ground by showing that the doctrine of special creation did not account for things as we now find them, and to lay down the general principles of the evolution of the higher animals, of course including Man, from lower forms of life. This does not content the German Professor; he must construct a genealogical tree—a Stammbaum, to give it the name he has introduced into biological work—and set forth with the precision of a genealogist the successive steps of the descent.

There are very few naturalists of repute in the present day who do not accept Darwin's conclusions as being in the main well-founded, though there is some diversity of opinion as to how Evolution was brought about—how Man became Man. No one denies the existence of what Owen called "the all-pervading similarity of structure" between Man and the anthropoid apes, or that there are much closer

resemblances between Man and the highest anthropoids than exist between the highest anthropoids and the lowest monkeys. This last generalisation is found in Huxley's writings, and Haeckel, in adopting it, has called it the Huxleyan law. In addition to these structural resemblances, which, beyond doubt, show kinship, there are others of a physiological character—similarity of bodily life, liability to the same diseases, and so on. To these must be added the arguments drawn from the development of the individual, which affords confirmation of the truth of Haeckel's biogenetic law—that the development of the individual is a recapitulation of the development of the race. This law is now generally accepted, and at the Church Congress at Reading in 1883 Sir William (then Professor) Flower ably vindicated it, and pointed out that it was of little consequence to faith or practice whether the first man was, literally, formed from the dust of the earth or through the intervention of various progressive stages of animal life.

The text of Haeckel's address was the Javan fossil *Pithecanthropus erectus*, discovered in 1894 by Dr. Eugène Dubois, which formed the subject of an animated discussion at the Leyden Zoological Congress in 1895, where Virchow led the opposition. Of twelve experts who took part in the discussion three held that the remains—the roof of a skull, two molar teeth, and a thigh-bone—were human, but of a low type; three believed them to belong to a large man-like ape, and the rest were of opinion that they belonged to an intermediate form connecting primitive man with the anthropoid apes. This last view is pronounced by Haeckel to be the right one, and he holds that Dubois' *Pithecanthropus erectus* is "a Pliocene remainder of that famous group of highest Catarrhines which were the immediate pithecoid ancestors of Man." It is on this point—the position of Pithecanthropus—that the British naturalists will perhaps join issue with the German professor. As to the soundness of his general conclusions there can be no possible doubt, though many will feel unable to accept the brilliant speculations—daring to the verge of rashness—by which he fills gaps that give other men pause. And he would be the first to admit that his genealogical tree, which looks so exact and convincing—that of the Mammalia, for example, which appeared first in his "Systematische Phylogenie"—is largely hypothetical. Indeed, he has distinguished the hypothetical groups by underlining them.

But between the Congress at Leyden and that at Cambridge certain things happened to which Haeckel probably attaches little importance, for there was no mention of them in his address, nor does he allude to them in his book. The exhibition of these remains by Dr. Dubois before the Anthropological Society of London and the Royal Society of Dublin evoked very interesting discussions in which some eminent men took part, and the conclusions arrived at scarcely support the position taken up in the Cambridge address. At Dublin Dr. Dubois figured a genealogical tree, and placed Pithecanthropus at a point below or at any rate near that at which the anthropoids branched off from the main stem. But it should not be forgotten that Professor Haddon and Dr. Cunningham, while agreeing that the individual to whom the skull belonged was transitional in character between the apes and man, placed him above the point of divergence and much nearer the Neanderthal skull. This view seems to be borne out by the restoration of the Javan skull by Manouvier, in which its cranial capacity is shown to be less than the Neanderthal skull, which is exceeded in this respect by the Cro-Magnon skull. A later tree by Dubois (*Nature*, Jan. 16, 1896) shows that the difference between him and Professors Haddon and Cunningham was one of words rather than things. Here he posits a hypothetical ancestor, Palæopithecus, above the point at which the highest recent anthropoids branched off, giving rise to his Pithecanthropus, whence Man sprang, if, indeed, Pithecanthropus was not Man, but becoming. At the Anthropological Society in London, Dr. Bland Sutton ranged himself on Virchow's side, and maintained the human character of the remains, pointing out that the owner of the thigh-bone had suffered from *myositis ossificans*—a disease peculiar to man, and coming on late in life. Hence, it would perhaps be as well to call Pithecanthropus a Tertiary man that had learnt to walk erect, and to use his hands, while brain and skull had attained a development—as was shown by the casts exhibited at Cambridge by Dr. Dubois—far above that of recent anthropoids.

The Darwinian position is established beyond the possibility of overthrow. And those who think that there is something derogatory to the dignity of human nature in this position may take comfort from the thought that the genealogy of man is in the truest sense of the word an ascent rather than a descent. "Man," said Darwin, "still bears in his bodily frame the indelible marks of his lowly origin." This is the side of the ancestry of Man that its opponents love to dwell on. They leave out of sight the fact that his present position is an earnest of future prosperity for the race—that the fact of his having risen to the very summit of the organic scale is the best possible assurance for a higher destiny in the future.

THE DRAMA.

"A Little Ray of Sunshine."

CHRISTMAS EVE. A Carol—sung "off" by Mr. Steadman's Choir. Flirting couples, perched on steps, tacking up holly and mistletoe. From these details you guess the "atmosphere" of *A Little Ray of Sunshine*, by Messrs. Mark Ambient and Wilton Heriot, with which Mr. Penley has opened a season at the Royalty. I have no objection to make to this "atmosphere." I dare not object. I am a husband and a father. I will "pull a cracker" cheerfully, whenever desired. I will even eat half a (small) mince-pie, if the point is insisted on. *Noël oblige.*

After swallowing snapdragons, why strain at the new Royalty play? Why should I not concede that Mr. Penley, returning as a British nobleman to the home of his ancestors after a prolonged sojourn in Australia, would in all probability be mistaken by the young squire for a money-lender and by Polly the parlourmaid for her long lost uncle? The British nobleman himself does not mind these misunderstandings, and why should I? He looks on them as a great joke, assumes every character that chance thrusts upon him, and makes no attempt to reveal his identity until the curtain is on the point of descending. This is the sort of behaviour that I call really "sportsmanlike." Nothing can disturb the British nobleman's equanimity. If he is kicked out of the front door (as he frequently is) he merely requests that his overcoat and umbrella may be thrown out after him. He eats three lunches in one day, and is none the worse. In the end he showers cheques and blessings all round, and—as the young folk won't rise to his suggestion of a game of "honey pots"—leads off in Sir Roger de Coverley.

Round the British nobleman the other personages gyrate, or, rather, perform symmetrical evolutions after the fashion of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. You have four gentlemen on the one side and four ladies on the other. They advance in "Strophe" and retire in "Antistrophe" and circle in a "Mesode"—the nobleman serving throughout as the altar of Dionysus. Is not this an interesting case of "throw back" to the first beginnings of drama in the dance? What a slap in the face for our modern heresy that the drama should represent life, with its "strange irregular rhythm"! By the way, the nobleman

does not play the Greek game quite fairly. Now and then he grows tired of being the altar of Dionysus and falls into line with the rest of the chorus. This behaviour would have puzzled an Athenian audience "of the best period." An Athenian audience of to-day would probably be quite prepared for Mr. Penley's little ways. For, when I was at Athens lately, they were playing a Greek version of *Charley's Aunt*.

I was going on to say that Mr. Penley is "as droll as ever," but that would be to do him an injustice. He now aims at something besides drollery, a touch of (avuncular) sentiment, a tear in the corner of the eye. At present he is a little uncertain as to the right *nuance* of falsetto for the sentimental as distinguished from the droll Penley. He is in a transition stage. He is feeling his way. Let us give him a little time before we compare him with Robson—especially as very few of us ever saw Robson. The young people he has gathered round him for the present piece are all agreeable enough, and have evidently been well drilled in the performance of their symmetrical evolutions. I venture one suggestion. This should have been a "patch and powder" rather than a "coat and waistcoat" piece, the convention of prolonged misunderstanding upon which it is based being peculiarly a convention of the last century. Of course the British nobleman, instead of returning from Australia, would have to be a Nabob, from Calcutta.

A. B. W.

THE ANGLICISING OF FRENCH SCHOOLS.

THAT indefatigable enthusiast of Anglo-Saxon development, M. Edmond Demolins, is about to turn from theory to practice; in other words, to attempt on an experimental scale the Anglicising of French education. We learn that "Àquoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons," the work which rendered this writer famous, is rapidly making the tour of the world. Already translations have appeared in English, German, Spanish, Polish, and Arabic; the last, we presume, being due to some Mahometan professor of Algeria. Widespread, therefore, must of necessity be the interest felt in the Demolins-Lemaître scheme; for, strange to say, M. Demolin's coadjutor is no other than the arch-Anglophobe and arch-anti-Protestant author of *L'Aînée*. The learned Academician may say what he likes on behalf of his *pasteur rigolo* (buffoon pastor) in that most revolting play: no one could have written it without feeling towards Protestants much as M. Drumont feels towards the Jews.

Be this as it may, the Demolins-Lemaître *Collège des Roches*, on the Paris-Granville line, opens its doors next October, and is modelled after the English plan; "le tub," football, cricket, forming conspicuous features, prominence being also given to out-door occupation of serious kind, gardening, farm-work, building, etc.; indeed, the institution will be a kind of colonial training college as well as ordinary school. In his new work, "L'Éducation nouvelle" (Paris: Didot) M. Demolins devotes one chapter—that not the least interesting—to French instead of Anglo-Saxon innovations.

All occupied in the study and teaching of the dead languages should read pp. 115 to 149, "How to Solve the Problem of Latin." Some time since an ingenious system of simplifying this matter was set forth by a writer named Benoist (see "Le Latin acquis en trois ans, le Grec en deux ans"; Paris: Lahure). After having given close attention to the views of M. Benoist, M. Demolins became a convert, and the new method will be duly introduced at Les Roches. The plan is simply this: boys will be given, say, Homer, a dictionary, and translation, and will first get at the spirit of the author, accidence and syntax being acquired as they go; they will, in short, "pick up" a language as many an adult has picked it up *con amore* before them. Declensions and conjugations in big letters on cards are to be hung on the walls, the pupil thus learning rather by eye than ear. Instead of his memory being burdened with abstract sounds, every word becomes a symbol, a thing of life and meaning. "When," writes M. Benoist, "a pupil has thus read and understood a dozen or fifteen volumes of Latin authors, we repeat, he understands Latin. Moreover, he will have familiarised himself with the facts and ideas contained in the volumes perused, a result not to be despised." He adds that a more intimate and critical knowledge of either Latin or Greek should be left for candidates for the higher university degrees and not attempted by those going in for that of *bachelier ès lettres*. The new method, it seems, has been tried with much success in several private schools. The Lycée, of course, that embodiment of cut-and-dry scholasticism, shuts its doors to innovations of any kind. On this subject M. Demolins is at one with another would-be innovator, M. Jean Aicard, whose experiences as a Lycéen are so movingly described in his autobiographical romance, "L'Âme d'un enfant."

There are two considerations that seem to have escaped both originators of this English school for French boys. The first of these is the question of Protestantism. M. Demolins dwells on the frank relations of English schoolmasters and their pupils, of the wholesome effects of freedom from espionage; but a foot-note apprises us of the fact that a confessor (*aumônier*) is to be attached to this Anglo-French college. Now, once take for granted that a schoolboy's mind is a storehouse of dark secrets not to be confided to teachers, parents, and comrades, what becomes of the English characteristic? The whole system falls to the ground. Neither "le tub," football, social evenings, nor carpentering can assimilate Les Roches to any establishment having the same ends in England. The second point, quite missed by these Anglicisers of French school life, is this: Of what use to prepare boys for the colonies who under no circumstances whatever will consent to colonise? The French family is either a trio or a quartette, most often the former. The only son—it is quite unnecessary to say *an* only son—of rich, well-to-do or even fairly-off parents invariably follows in his father's footsteps, *i.e.* stays at home. Even among the small peasants, and working-classes generally, a numerous family is regarded with horror. Here is an incident in point which came only last year under the notice of the present writer. A French *châtelaine* was condoling with her gamekeeper's wife on the loss, by marriage, of her only daughter. The young woman, be it remarked, had married a schoolmaster living a few miles off, and the pair had just eight hundred pounds in land and money between them. "Ah! my Jeanne, so dutiful, so good—my happiness is gone!" cried the mother, weeping and wringing her hands. Naïvely enough, the English visitor put in by way of consolation, "But think of the future! You will become a grandmother, you will be surrounded by little faces——" The good woman held up her hands apart. "God Almighty forbid!" she said. "One child. My husband and I would say nothing to one, but not several—worries, poverty, ruin! Heaven preserve us from a houseful of grandchildren!"

So long as this view of family life is taken in France, M. Demolins' advanced view must remain a counsel of perfection. At the same time, his Anglo-Saxon school on French soil must have our hearty good wishes.

M. B-E.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

A LITTLE way out of the village, on the slope of Langton Fell, there stands a tiny graystone cottage. On one side of it, flanked by a straggling row of gooseberry bushes, lies a neglected patch of garden,

and the rose-tree that once twined round the porch sends out forlorn, untrimmed branches across the window. The trellis-work itself is rotting from the frame, and the wicket stands permanently open, propped with a stick thrust into the gravel, to prevent it from falling altogether from the broken hinge.

It is only in late days that this air of desolation and decay has come over the cottage. Sixty years ago, when Joseph Lawson, a lusty farm labourer, brought his young wife to live there, it was all trim and neat, and gay with early flowers. There was comfort and plenty of a humble sort in the tiny home, for, though Joe never earned more than the slender wage of an agricultural labourer, his wife was thrifty, and knew how to spend it wisely. By-and-by came children—a happy healthy throng, who throve amazingly on very scanty diet, and spent a joyous childhood rambling over the fells in search of wild berries and mushrooms, or fishing for trout in the little beck behind the house. These, as they grew up, had passed out into the world, and scattered, as the families of the very poor are wont to, and Joe and his wife had lost sight of even the younger ones in long past years.

There was peace and content in the little cottage even when the children left it empty, for Joe was still able to keep his place with Farmer Wilmer, and his wife, Elsie, had the happy gift of cheerfulness, and vanquished half her troubles by refusing to anticipate them.

It took the couple a long time to realise that they were getting old. Joe had been a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and at last he had to confess himself unfit for his work. He dropped gradually out of his regular employment, to make way for a new generation of workers, and it was then that Elsie tried to make up for his enforced idleness by her own increased activity. No work was too rough or too difficult for her; she would walk miles for a day's charing in the winter, or to help in the farm work in the busy summer season. Old Joe patiently took her place at home, and did the work of the little cottage as well as his stiffening joints would let him. For a time Elsie got as much work as she could do, but at length her untiring energy began to tell upon her, and she knew she was no longer able to do what she called "a good day's work." It was during the "spring cleaning" at Mrs. Wilmer's that the bitter truth dawned upon her, and she was too honest not to confess it.

"I'm not worth it, ma'am," she said, when pay-day came, returning the money to Mrs. Wilmer. "I've tried coming early and stopping late, but I can't do all as I ought. You must pay me a bit less, ma'am, if you please."

"I was that put about," Mrs. Wilmer owned to her husband afterwards, "I didn't know which way to look; for I had been thinking the very same thing myself all week. Old Elsie has failed very much this last winter. Of course, I made her keep the money, and I put some cold pie and things in a basket—it'll make them three dinners, the mite they eat."

"You might spare them a bit now and then," said the farmer; "there's plenty goes to the pigs they'd be glad of, and Georgie could take it round."

In the summer, when the navvies camped at Fiddler's Hole, Elsie had an inspiration. It came to be known that no arrangement had been made for providing the men with drink, and, as the water supply was some distance from the track they were making, they suffered very much from thirst. Elsie brewed a quantity of nettle-beer and ginger-beer, and other harmless country drinks. Farmer Wilmer gave her an old hand-cart which had been used for carrying milk, and, yoking themselves to this, she and Joe trudged off, day after day, over the fell with their load. All through the long, hot summer they drove a thriving trade, and when winter came, and they brought instead coffee and hot drinks, they were no less welcome at the camp. On Christmas Eve there was a great snow-storm, and for some days no traffic was possible; but when the roads were cut Joe and Elsie were among the first to cross the fell, and they were received by the navvies with as much enthusiasm as if they had been veritable arctic explorers.

With the first warm days of spring came the break-up of the camp, and the end of the old couple's prosperity. When the last journey had been made, and they had counted their accumulated savings in the old teapot, they began to realise what it had cost them. The long tramps in snow and rain, the constant exposure on the bleak fellside in wet clothes—these had left a mark which the poor little hoard in the teapot could not pay for. It was Elsie that failed first. She became very deaf, and so stiff from rheumatism that at length she could not get out of bed. Poor old Joe crept about his work, growing daily more and more helpless and feeble, but still tenderly doing what he might for his wife's comfort. Elsie's unfailing cheerfulness stood her in good stead, and, though she chafed now and then at her own condition, she was always ready to keep up Joe's drooping spirits with her pleasant irrelevant chatter.

The neighbours were very kind; even the poorest and busiest of them would find time now and then to run in and give a helping hand with the work, and Georgie Wilmer came every week with a basket of food from the farm. But at length a day came when Joe was hardly better able to move than his wife. He had to be helped into a chair by the fire in the morning, and helped to bed again at night. He and Elsie were practically cut off from intercourse except by signs, for she was now so deaf that his voice could never reach her, and however great her need, he could not cross the room to her without assistance.

Good Mrs. Wilmer was very much troubled by the old couple's plight. She begged her husband to see the Vicar, and try to get some help for them from the parish.

"They'd best go into the Union," he said. "They're fit for nowt but the infirmary."

"Nay, they'll never do that," Mrs. Wilmer said; "there's no place for couples in Fazerley Union, and Joe and Elsie has many a time said they'd die on the roadside before they'd be separated. But the Vicar can get them an allowance without that. They've not been church-goers, of course, but church or chapel will make no difference to him when he knows how things are, and a matter of two or three shillings a week would be a fortune to them."

The Vicar was very much shocked when he heard Farmer Wilmer's story.

"It's not a case for outdoor relief," he said emphatically; "they must be removed at once. It is just hard-working, respectable people like this that it is our duty to help. They shall, at least, be assured of a comfortable home for the remainder of their days. I will go myself and talk to them about it."

The old man was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, in such a position that he was in view of his wife, whose bed was at the further end of the room. There was a sound of voices monotonously chanting in unison when the Vicar entered, and Joe closed a book he had been holding on his knee.

"You were reading from the Psalms, I think," said the Vicar gently.

"Well, we call it singing, sir," said the old man apologetically. "You see, Elsie knows a power of texes, and when I have the Book she starts what she wants, and I find the place and we sing it together. It makes Elsie feel like as if she wasn't deaf."

"You have found great comfort in it," said the Vicar.

"That we have, sir," said the old man. "It's not that the sense of it always suits just how we're feeling—we can't pick and choose the sense, it has to be just what Elsie knows; but, bless you, what does it matter when her and me can say it together?"

The Vicar was silent for a moment; then he unfolded his plan about the workhouse.

"You're very kind, sir," said the old man firmly, "but we'd rather be as we are."

"But think of the comfort to your wife," urged the Vicar; "she will have kind and careful nursing, all her little wants will be attended to, she will have suitable food and a pleasant airy room, with plenty of company and pictures and books to amuse her. Then for yourself——"

"Elsie's in but a poor way here, sir, as you say," returned Joe; "but for the little time we have left we'd rather be together."

The old woman had been peering anxiously from one face to another while they talked, and at this moment she broke in:

"The work'us, is it the work'us, Joe?"

The old man nodded.

"Tell him we won't," cried Elsie shrilly. The old man had spoken quietly and courteously, but the woman trembled with anger, and her voice rose almost to a scream. "Tell him they may pull the roof off, and we won't. Tell him we've been together nigh on sixty year, Joe, and it isn't the work'us that'll part us. Maybe you think we're paupers, sir, but we've worked hard all our lives, and we've neither begged nor owed. Seventy year he've worked, sir, and never an idle bone in his body, hasn't Joe; and the work'us isn't for the likes of him. There's a bit in the teapot yet, and maybe it'll serve our time."

The Vicar raised his hand, and tried to speak.

"I can't hear you, sir," cried Elsie, "and I'm glad I can't. I never saw the use of being deaf before. You mean it kindly, I don't doubt, and for that I thank you; but this place is home to us, sir, as much as your grand house is to you. And Joe and me was joined 'till death us do part,' as much as you and your lady. It isn't the satin and lace as makes a marriage, sir, if you'll pardon my freedom."

The Vicar turned towards the door, but at that moment there was a knock, and George Wilmer entered with a basket. He paused when he saw the Vicar, and then shyly placed his mother's gift by Elsie on the bed, and retreated, followed by the old woman's thanks.

The Vicar turned to say a word of farewell to Joe. Until his wife spoke the old man had worn the look of dull patience peculiar to his class, but now his lip trembled, and a tear was finding its way unnoticed down the furrows of his cheek. He tried to speak, but his voice came broken and husky and inarticulate. The Vicar hurried out, closing the door behind him, but Elsie's shrill tones followed him down the path.

"Go on, Joe, from where we stopped."

"'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: my cup runneth over.

"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.'"

J. T. Kingsley Tarpey.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S MANIFESTO.

Sir,—Sir Wilfrid Lawson has a perfect right to issue a manifesto.

He is himself the leader of a party which he naturally supposes to be a very large one, but I venture to think it a small one.

He is a man of wit and humour, and is very charming by virtue thereof; but it does not appear that this wit and humour of his suffices to keep him from falling into ludicrous positions. He indulges himself with a notion that the words "Local Veto"—which can convey no meaning whatever to anyone understanding the English language—indicate a policy; and not only that, but the policy of the Liberal and Radical party.

There are certain phrases, dear to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's party—"Local Veto," "Total Abstainer," "Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance"—that are, in fact, shibboleths, conveying in themselves no meaning whatever, but being adopted by a party do very well as fanatical cries. "Local Veto" can have no possible meaning. "Local" is an adjective with one meaning; "veto" is a foreign word with quite another. "Total Abstainer" has a meaning, but, taking it as it means, a total abstainer could only live a few hours, or, if he could abstain from breathing, only a few minutes. A blue ribbon is one thing, the Gospel is another and a far different thing, and temperance seems to me to have nothing to do with either.

Can the reasoning powers of any party be so low as to lead them to imagine that such words, put together higgledy-piggledy, can indicate a policy? It is trifling with the nation.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson's policy, he says, is Local Veto. Well, what is Local Veto? He says: "There should be a means of preventing the forcing of drink-shops on a district in which the inhabitants have clearly and distinctly declared they object to having them."

Who forces drink-shops on a district in which the inhabitants have clearly and distinctly declared they object to having them? The very question is an absurdity. No one can force drink-shops (another vague, meaningless phrase) on any district. If none of the inhabitants wanted them they would not be there. What Sir Wilfrid Lawson means—but he is very fond of vague, meaningless phrases, as all illogical arguers are—is, that the smug middle-class, with comfortable homes, possibly with drink, so-called, in their cellars, shall, by votes limited almost to their class, prevent the public at large having what he is pleased to call a "drink-shop." There were in times gone by sumptuary laws, and this righteous middle-class are attempting to revive these illiberal laws. I am of opinion that tight-lacing by women is in fact more injurious to the people than drink-shops. Local Veto is a phrase which might well be applied in that direction, and the inhabitants might "distinctly declare they object to having stays-and-lace shops." Why not?

Then there is not only drinking, but eating also: any excess is bad; the harm done by over-eating, and the waste at those dreadful banquets, may well rival the mischief done by drinking. To see a lovely girl drink a glass of champagne is far more pleasant than to see her eat a pheasant or venison, especially when one reflects on the beauty of the pheasant or the deer before they were prepared for eating.

The public will not consent to be put under the thumb of a fanatical minority. But even supposing the "drink" fanatics are in a majority, should any majority be able to do exactly as they please with a minority? The proposed legislation is Socialistic and not Liberal, and Socialism can only take effect under strict laws regulating every detail in the life of the people, with an army of inspectors and police to enforce them. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's tea might be found unwholesome and too expensive for a Democrat.

The evils of drink are much exaggerated by the fanatical party, taking the whole population into consideration. The people have been less and less given to such excess during the whole of this century. If the land laws were attacked, and the homes of the labourers were made comfortable instead of wretched, there would be no need for such nonsensical phrases as "Local Veto."

Lord Rosebery in 1894 suggested the policy of putting a check on the House of Lords, to which the Liberal party did not respond. Sir William Harcourt went to the country on Local Veto and the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The Liberals sustained such a defeat as they had never known before. Is it not therefore clear enough that the people will not have Local Veto, will not submit to be managed by the good Local Veto party, and that they do not care a rap for the Welsh Church? It could not be Home Rule (another vague phrase) that caused the defeat, for Home Rule was a party cry in 1892. The defeat followed Local Veto and the Welsh Church. Let us try the House of Lords at the next Election. The Church will fall when the fruit is ripe, which is not yet. Sir William Harcourt is too much of a Churchman to let us have the full taste of the fruit when it is ripe to fall.

The House of Lords is the great obstacle to all Liberal measures, and really enjoys Local Veto, localised in the House of Lords. If we go to the country on the Lord's Veto question we shall succeed, I doubt not. But if small fanatical parties fasten themselves on the Liberals, calling their little policies the Liberal policy, we shall well deserve defeat.—Faithfully yours,

January 3rd. A Radical.

ERRATA.

We regret that owing to a slip of the pen on the part of the writer of the article on "Lines of Educational Reform," which appeared in our issue of last week, the name of Sir Thomas Acland was substituted for that of his younger brother, the Right Hon. Arthur Acland, M.P. for the Rotherham Division of Yorkshire from 1885 to the present year, and Vice-President

of the Committee of Council on Education under the last Liberal Government.

In the article on "The New Era in Ireland," the words "the High Sheriff of Tyrone" should have read "the High Sheriff of Cavan."

TO A CERTAIN NATION.

"The tone of the English Press is resented."—DAILY PAPER.

WE cannot let thee be; for thou art ours—
We thank thee still, though thou forgetst these things,
For that hour's sake when thou didst wake all powers
With a great cry that God was sick of kings.

Leave thee there grovelling at their rusted greaves,
These hulking cowards on a painted stage
That with imperial pomp and laurel leaves
Show their Marengo—one man in a cage.

These, for whom stands no type or title given
In all the squalid tales of gore and pelf.
Though cowed with crashing thunders from all heaven
Cain never said, "My brother slew himself."

Bear with us, O our sister—not in pride
Nor any scorn we see thee spoiled of knaves
Only with shame to hear, where Danton died
Thy foul dead kings all laughing in their graves.

Thou hast a right to rule thyself; to be
The thing thou wilt, to grin, to fawn, to creep,
To crown these clumsy liars—aye and we
Who knew thee once—we have a right to weep.

GILBERT CHESTERTON.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"THE HIGH HISTORY OF THE HOLY GRAAL."

A WEEK or two ago the editor of *The Academy* was good enough to inquire what two books had pleased and interested me most in 1898. I am exceedingly sorry to have failed in rendering this trifling service to a paper which pleases and interests me every week; but the truth is that a point-blank question of this kind always staggers me, and before I can find the right answer the chance of its being useful has gone by. There are, to be sure—and experience has taught me—inconvenient risks in making any declaration of the sort. For once, having fired off my decision with a promptitude which surprised me, I brought down there and then a whole covey of anonymous letters, all inquiring what base motives had led me to slight the great Mr. So-and-so; and these were followed after a becoming interval by a letter from the great and wounded Mr. So-and-so himself. Obviously that is an experience which no one would choose to court a second time. Nevertheless, I beg the editor of *The Academy* to believe that it was not the risk which really deterred me, but a sense of justice. One observes that these elections usually fall in the last days of the year, and further—so short are men's memories—that a book published in November has at least a five-to-three chance over a book published in March. This seems to me at once so natural and so unfair that rather than vex *The Academy* again with the delays of a private conscience, I have almost resolved on the extreme step of buying and keeping a diary. May I invite other electors to do the same? or, to put it colloquially, "Lett's."

The book, then, which pleased and instructed me most in 1898, and which seems to me of altogether exceptional value to students of poetry and fiction, may be purchased (although a new book) in good type and decent paper for a shilling or two. I refer to "The High History of the Holy Graal" now first translated from the French by Dr. Sebastian Evans, and published by Messrs. Dent in their series of "Temple Classics." I have spoken before now of the merits of this series: but assuredly of this book one can say with the merest accuracy that translator, editor, and publishers together have rendered a signal service to literature.

The service (let me add) will remain a signal one even if it should turn out that the value of this story of the Graal is something less than Dr. Evans asserts. He has made his translation from the first volume of "Perceval le Gallois; ou, le conte du Graal," edited by M. Ch. Poitvin from a MS. in the famous library of the Dukes of Burgundy at Brussels. This MS. dates only from the early sixteenth century. But there exist in the City Library at Berne some fragments of the same tale in handwriting of the thirteenth century. These fragments agree in all essentials with the corresponding portions of the Brussels MS., which we may therefore assume to be an accurate transcript of the entire original Romance.

In an "Epilogue" of exemplary brevity—for in these days, when some folks write *causeries*, and others record the lives of the unimportant in handsome crown-octavos, it appears there are scholars who can be brief over highly important discoveries—Dr. Evans gives his reasons not only for fixing the date of composition at 1220 or thereabouts, but for believing that this work is none other than the Original Book of the Graal, the authentic parent of what is perhaps the most remarkable progeny in the whole history of romance. To me I confess his arguments seem as cogent as they are moderately worded. But such a question is for experts. The ordinary critic can only subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Israel Gollancz, the general editor of the series, that "whether his views be ultimately accepted or rejected by Arthurian scholars, Dr. Evans's noble rendering of the old-world romance will long be treasured by students for its intrinsic merits."

For his model in translation Dr. Evans has very frankly and very wisely taken Malory. He may have modified Malory's archaisms to some extent: indeed I believe he has: but we have "launde" for "plain," "uneath" for "scarcely," and so forth, and (what is of infinitely greater importance) the rhythm and structure of Malory's prose. "The High History of the Holy Graal" may be easier reading than the "Morte d'Arthur," but it contrives to be of a piece with it. We may sincerely pay Dr. Evans the compliment of comparing his success in this respect with that of the Lambs in their "Tales from Shakespeare." "The writers," says Canon Ainger, "were evidently aware of the risks they ran, and adopted the very sound principle of avoiding, as far as possible, the use of words introduced into the language since Shakespeare's time. But not even this restriction might have saved the scheme from failure, had not the brother and sister been so familiar with the rhythm and cadences of Elizabethan English that their own narrative style assimilated almost without effort with the language of their original, 'transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden.'" For obvious reasons Dr. Evans's task was less difficult; but he has done it admirably, and he may at least in leaving his volumes to the world borrow the confident hope which Lamb expressed for the plays of Shakespeare at the conclusion of his beautiful preface—that they may prove "enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity: for of examples teaching these virtues, his pages are full."

In one respect, however, "The High History of the Holy Graal" is more difficult reading than the "Morte d'Arthur." The story is far more tightly packed, and by no means so lavish in episodes.

With Malory one rides to some extent at random. Loose ends dangle constantly before the reader and may or may not lead him to the true thread of the narrative. Occasional adventures are described for no apparent reason but that the narrator is in the vein, that his fancy is inexhaustible, and that he had as lief throw in a garnishing touch here as anywhere else. But "The High History of the Holy Graal" is—and for the moment we will not stay to consider how this may bear on Dr. Evans's theory of the originality of the story—a close and extremely cunning piece of composition. I started upon it just as I should start upon a re-reading of Malory; but very soon found myself with pencil in hand scribbling notes and jotting down reference marks. And very soon the story began to justify this plan abundantly: for it is a story without loose ends. It seems, indeed, to drop them in the most casual manner: but if you are beguiled and allow a single end to pass unmarked, sooner or later I promise you will be harking back and searching for it in the very poorest of tempers over the waste of time. Indeed if, as the introduction alleges, the story came to the hermit Josephus "by annunciation of the voice of an angel," all I can say is that Josephus must either have made copious notes, or prepared himself with a *memoria technica* which would have turned Mr. Stokes green with envy.

But of the superlative cleverness of the composition I must take another occasion to speak, having as yet said nothing of the imagination, the absolute genius for beauty which lifts this story (I care not when or by whom invented) into the very first rank of Prose Fiction. To read it, even after Malory, is to break upon an undiscovered country and be amazed by its loveliness. The story of Marin the jealous, the story of the Proud Maiden, how Gawain came to the Castle of Joy, how at length he found Perceval and greeted him, the story of Dindrane in the Churchyard Perilous, and of Perceval's home-coming—these things (to choose from the first volume only) are gems from the very treasure-house of romantic beauty: and the book is one of those few and rare which we discover with a kind of shock, knowing at once and beyond dispute that we have found a new pleasure in life.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

SOME NEW LIGHT ON MR. PITT.

PITT: SOME CHAPTERS OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. With Portraits. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS handsome volume is not a new life of Mr. Pitt. Lord Ashbourne, who does not claim for himself either special historical knowledge or special literary qualifications, has not thought of attempting an enterprise which was handled with much fulness by Bishop Tomline and Lord Stanhope, and again, in a much briefer way, by Macaulay, with characteristic force and breadth, and, more recently, by Lord Rosebery and Mr. Goldwin Smith, with epigrammatic brilliance. Probably of no statesman do there exist three short studies so admirable in their various ways as the three which we have last named, for all three writers were peculiarly competent by their knowledge, and all three are masters of style. The book before us owes its interest to the fact that it contains a number of letters by or relating to Mr. Pitt many of which have never before seen the light. Some come from the collection at Orwell Park, belonging to Mr. Pretyman, the great grandson of Pitt's intimate friend, Bishop Tomline, some from the Bolton papers, some from the present Lord Stanhope's collection, some from the Pelham and Auckland papers in the British Museum. Of these letters two sets are distinctly interesting. One consists of the correspondence between Lady Chatham, Pitt's mother, and his first tutor, Mr. Wilson, when the future Prime Minister was a boy—though William Windham said that he never was a boy—between six and fourteen, and after his admission as a student at Cambridge at fourteen, when he was unquestionably already a man. The mother's letters are full of affection and of a tender interest in everything that concerned her son—his health, his amusements, his progress in study. Her later ones, down to 1796, contain many requests for the exercise of patronage on behalf of some of her *protégés*, requests which Pitt treats with unvarying deference, though they must have become rather burdensome. The picture of family affection between the parents and their five children, as also between the brothers and sisters, is pleasant, and Pitt himself seems always to behave, from his earliest years, with an almost distressing propriety.

Five chapters are dedicated to Irish affairs, into which Lord Ashbourne weaves sketches of the characters of the Duke of Rutland, Viceroy 1784–87; of Thomas Orde, Chief Secretary 1784–88; of John Beresford, Commissioner of Revenue in Ireland, and practically master of the island for a good many years; of Lord Fitzwilliam, Viceroy in 1795; and of Fitzgibbon (afterwards Lord Clare), Lord Chancellor 1789–1802. In these chapters the condition of the country is described, and some of the chief crises, particularly the coming and going of Lord Fitzwilliam and the struggle over the Union, are discussed. The discussion is intelligent, and on the whole not unfair; but it does not seem to add much to what may be found in such well-known books as Mr. Lecky's excellent "History of Ireland Since the Tudors"—a book which ought completely to supersede the prejudiced and inaccurate (not to say unveracious) narrative of Froude, or Dr. Sigerson's powerful chapter in "Two Centuries of Irish History." Fitzwilliam may, as Lord Ashbourne urges, have been hasty and imprudent, and may have been too much under the influence of the Ponsonbys. But his recall was a great misfortune, and doubtless precipitated the terrible calamities which followed. The memorandum on which Lord Ashbourne relies to prove that Fitzwilliam broke the understanding on which he was sent is of a date posterior to his departure, and does not seem to deserve implicit confidence, for it may well represent rather the view which those who remained in England took than the view which Fitzwilliam carried with him. And though it is doubtless true that Wolfe Tone and the bolder spirits among the United Irishmen were in any event desirous to effect the separation of Ireland from England, there is every reason to believe that a policy of conciliation such as Fitzwilliam sought to pursue, and was indeed preparing to pursue, would have greatly affected the minds of those who cherished a legitimate discontent, and might well have averted the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1798. When Pitt allowed the Beresford faction to triumph on Fitzwilliam's recall, he committed a grave and deplorable error, which his limited acquaintance with the state of Ireland cannot excuse. Lord Ashbourne, while defending him on this point, condemns his subsequent conduct regarding the Catholics after the Union. Of Fitzgibbon, the most inauspicious figure of that dark time, we are told nothing that is new, and his inordinately long and violent letters give the impression that he prevailed more by the courage and force of his character than by intellectual superiority. But the men—and the women too—of that time certainly did allow the steed of the pen to career in the plains of prolixity. Three of our ordinary letters, even political letters, dealing with serious affairs, would hardly reach the dimensions of these portentous epistles. It is, of course, true that mails were scarce and slow, yet after making all due allowance for that fact, we feel that time was of less value in those days, and the pressure of life less stringent.

The most interesting of all the letters are those which deal with the one love episode in Pitt's life, a life which, take it all in all, is more exclusively public than that of almost any other equally famous man. He paid a short visit to France in 1783, having already served as Chancellor of the Exchequer, though only twenty-three years of age. Madame Necker, who ought herself to have been the wife of Edward Gibbon, as the readers of Gibbon's autobiography will remember, suggested to Pitt that her daughter, afterwards famous as Madame de Staël, would make him a good wife. Pitt did not avail himself of the offer, and we do not even know what sort of reply he made to it, but one cannot help wishing that this most gifted woman of her time had been placed in a sphere where her remarkable qualities would have had full scope. She did not, however, like the idea of going to England, nor is there anything to show that Pitt's personality had attracted her. From that time on the young statesman, who a few months later became Prime Minister, was too much absorbed by politics to think of love, until in 1796 he found himself frequently in the company of Miss Eleanor Eden, daughter of Lord Auckland, who was one of his close political friends, and had a house near Beckenham, in Kent, not far from Pitt's own house at Holwood. Miss Eden was handsome, vivacious, sympathetic, altogether a charming person, and she evidently touched Pitt's heart. People began to talk about the probability of an engagement. Lord Auckland and his wife, who had at first been cautious, had latterly begun to count so confidently upon a proposal that they had allowed the rumours to go uncontradicted. Suddenly, after spending part of the Christmas recess in Miss Eden's company at her father's, Pitt wrote, on January 20th, 1797, a letter to Lord Auckland intimating that he had "formed sentiments of very real attachment to all your family, and of much more than attachment towards one whom I need not name," but intimating also that he had, after considering the difficulties in the way of realising his idea, "found the obstacles to it decisive and insurmountable." Lord Auckland, much surprised, replied in a letter which has been lost, but which must have contained arguments designed to shake Pitt's resolution. But Pitt immediately replied (January 22nd) in a second and almost equally long letter, which conveyed his determination in still stronger words, and with Lord Auckland's reply accepting that determination the correspondence closes. Pitt's two letters, of which the drafts, showing many alterations, are also preserved, are somewhat stiff and stately, bearing all the marks of his public "state-paper" style. But they are also full of real feeling, and show that his attachment was not a passing fancy. They give no explanation of the "insurmountable obstacles," so that conjecture is free as to whether these were of a public nature, or turned upon considerations of his own health, already delicate, though he was only thirty-eight, or of his pecuniary means, which were probably by this time beginning to be embarrassed. They are good letters, showing some trace of compunction for the harm which he might have already done by engaging Miss Eden's affections, and revealing also a certain sadness in putting away all prospects of domestic happiness. He appears never to have spoken to any human being on the subject. When, two years afterwards, Lord Auckland conveyed to him through the Speaker of the House of Commons—a curious channel, but they were all high-stepping people—that Miss Eden had become engaged to Lord Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire), Pitt wrote to Lord Auckland a letter of congratulation whose dignified reserve becomes positively frigid. "There could be no event interesting to any part of your family which would not be so to me, and this is not the instance where I feel that sentiment the least." Eleanor Eden died childless in 1851, being then Countess of Buckinghamshire, and seventy-five years of age. It does not appear whether she and Pitt ever met after 1797.

This episode is certainly the most novel part of the book, and it is well told. But the book as a whole has its interest, especially for those who care about the Irish history of that melancholy time. There are two good engravings of Pitt, from pictures by Hoppner and Gainsborough Dupont, and portraits of Eleanor Eden, Fitzgibbon, Grattan, and also several other eminent persons who figure in the text.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE IRISHMAN.

IRISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By Michael MacDonagh. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

"WE are a doomed race," said, a little time ago, an Irish publisher in the hearing of the present writer. The remark had reference to what this man averred to be the impossibility of selling Irish books. How comes it, if that be so, that English publishers are at this present issuing Irish books in numbers heretofore unsurpassed? In an Irish diary, under date October 14th, 1869, there is indignant record made of a publisher's counsel to the diarist "to retrench his Irish stories." The Irishman refused to do this, and his diary—itself an admirable collection of Irish stories—was published by an Englishman in 1896. A reference to the *Irish Literary Society Gazette* will show that the output in Irish books in the current publishers' season covers pretty well every department in letters, it sufficing here to name biography, fiction, and poetry. The list is long, and might be longer, for under fiction there is omitted an Irish novel by a good writer. These books, without exception, are published in London, and a majority of them by firms which would resolutely decline to publish the fore-doomed to failure. Thus the agreeable fact would seem to be that an Irish book at this present stands a very good chance of meeting with purchasers. If it be good, the chance will comprehensibly be by so much better. Thus in the belief of the present writer the book named "Irish Life and Character," just issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, will be read largely and read with delight. The plan followed in it by Mr. MacDonagh is peculiarly happy, the anecdotes of which it mainly consists being arranged according to a definite plan, as indicated in the chapter headings: I, The Old Irish Squire; II. Irish Duelling; III. Faction Fighting in Ireland, and so forth. Mr. MacDonagh covers so large a field that it seems graceless to utter a complaint, but in the case of a piece of work so admirably done the critic who, after all, will have his say, makes the most he can of his grievances. Why, it is here asked, is not a special chapter devoted to the Irish Priest, a special chapter devoted to the Irish Parson, a special chapter devoted to Irish Women (a genus apart far more than Irish Men), and a special chapter devoted to Irish Children (as much a genus apart as Irish Women)? Why is a special chapter devoted to The Ulster Irishman, and not a special chapter devoted to the Leinster, to the Munster, to the Connaught Irishman? Why—oh, why!—is there not a special chapter devoted to the Irish Exile? This, too: Mr. MacDonagh informs his readers that he has had ten years' connection with the Irish Press. A witty woman once said of Memoirs that those only are readable which should never have been written. A very readable chapter might be written on the Irish Press. Why is Mr. MacDonagh so regrettably discreet? Let him as soon as possible make perfect his delightful work by supplementing it.

In the case of so many good stories told it is difficult to select for quotation. The following touches off the subject of one of the best chapters, The Old Squire:—

"*He* a gentleman?" said a squire in whose presence a man who paid his way was mentioned with respect. "Why, the fellow never owed a hundred pounds in his life!"

In the chapter on duels a specially good story is that of the remorseful Irishman who, having sent the contents of his pistol into his opponent's eye, asked with deep concern, "How do you feel? Can you see at all with the eye that's knocked out?"

And Mr. MacDonagh does not only deal in stories. A very clever portion of his book is that which treats of Some Delusions about Ireland. In this connection it is pointed out that the Queen in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," gives her impressions of the two brief visits which she paid to Ireland in 1849 and 1861, and some significant passages are cited from Her Majesty's book, among them being this one:—

> There was (at Carton) one man who was a regular specimen of an Irishman, with his hat on one ear.

Mr. MacDonagh is discreet—or witty—enough to make no comment on that passage.

The writer of a letter recently published in *The Spectator* points out that humour of a kind termed by a contributor to that paper *Irish*, "if humour it be, is not Irish, but Hebrew." Mr. MacDonagh, in like manner, says of a story which Englishmen love to call Irish that the root idea of it "comes from Egypt, and is two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament." Let Englishmen have a care in using the word "Irish"!

In conclusion, be it said that Mr. MacDonagh does not wax as wrathful over the Irishman of the English comic journals as did recently Mr. William Watson over the Englishman of the English comic journals. Having gently satirised the English conception of Pat, and *inter alia* informed his readers that he himself has still to meet the Irishman who carries his pipe in the band of his hat, Mr. MacDonagh, here quoted only in part, continues with the fine temper which characterises his book throughout:—

> Of course, every race is made a butt for ridicule by some other nation. . . . Look at the pictures of John Bull in the Parisian comic journals. . . . Scotsmen and Welshmen, as well as Irishmen, are held up to ridicule. We therefore must not be too squeamish. . . . It is all mainly done for fun, though sometimes the fun descends to scurrility and calumny. The stage Irishman, bad as he is, regarded as a representation of national characteristics, has the saving virtue of being always entertaining in his own ridiculous, blundering way; and despite his formidable bludgeon and his broad platter face, with its fringe of red hair, he is considered a lovable character, on the whole, by the audience.

True! Mr. MacDonagh is to be congratulated upon having written a book that is merry—and wise.

THE NEW HAWAII.

HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION: THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS DURING THE CRISIS OF 1893 AND SUBSEQUENTLY. By Mary H. Krout. London: John Murray.

THIS is a very lively and readable book, giving a smart and succinct account of Hawaii, which may be commended to the perusal of all desirous of information on the present state of that island group. Interesting throughout, lighted up by many bright passages, the book yet lacks, as a whole, the fascination proper to a serious book of travel—the influence, *e.g.*, of Sir Joseph Banks' charming pictures of the South Sea Islands and islanders—to float the reader wholly away from home and home-standards, and to transplant him into situations new as much morally as geographically. The reader enjoys delightful plunges into the new climate, but sights recalling the life at home interfere with the illusion of sojourn in an unwonted world. The "Introduction" introduces the reader at once into the politics of Hawaii, and, if haply his newspaper reading has not prepared him for the prosaic facts, he must admire how that far-off land in the Southern Seas throws him back on unhappy constitutional broils about relative jurisdictions of Crown, Cabinet, and Legislature. The sunny pages of Sir Joseph Banks show us a teeming and amiable population living a joyous, naïve life in the open; neither toiling, nor spinning, nor taking thought for the morrow, much less for the "Constitution," and yet knowing no want. Miss Krout's Hawaii introduces us at once to loud political squabbles. Yet the two descriptions cover the same ground and people, only a century of time between the two. What a changed Hawaii! In Banks, all the city you find is a collection of wall-less dwellings in the woods, each standing apart in its own little clearing, and consisting only of a thatched roof balanced on three rows of posts. In the New Hawaii you admire, say Port Street, Honolulu, lined on each side by elegant houses, names like "Benson Smith" on the shops, a tramway running the length of the street, the town itself boasting sixty-seven miles of streets and drives, 1,300 telephones, electric lighting, opera house, bands of music. In Hilo, again, are a Ladies' Shakespeare Class, two women physicians in extensive practice, one woman lawyer, the deputy sheriff a woman, and a transformed Hawaii! The blessings of civilisation and the new era have, however, hardly improved the natives and their condition. Estimated at about 300,000 at the time of Cook's visit they are now dwindled down to 33,000. The attempt to recast the Hawaians politically after the Anglo-Saxon pattern is a questionable experiment. It is alien from their geography; it is out of line with their history. Everybody sees how in the new constitution the natives are ciphers. The substance and function of the "intelligent and wholly prosperous self-government" are the whites. The native element is doomed to extinction or absorption. The thing may be inevitable, yet one cannot help sincerely regretting it. Banks found the people very likeable. Sir George Grey loved and protected the kindred Maoris, who in return loved and honoured him as their father. Stevenson loved the childlike race who loved the great teller of tales. Miss Krout still finds a sweet and childlike attractiveness in the natives. One hopes the United States will be tender in their application of the law of the survival of the fittest. The affection of the native Hawaiians for one another is touching. If signs of leprosy appear among them they hide the sick in their huts or conceal them among the mountains. The final farewell is "heart-rending." Miss Krout vouches for their rare honesty. She would, *e.g.*, leave coins lying in her bureau several days, doors and windows open, servants coming and going, flower-dealers loitering, yet never was the money touched. The native "cabby," too, rarely overcharges, and is "the soul of good nature."

The climate is still as sunny and delightful as when young Banks revelled in it. In Hawaii nature and humanity alike are always in flower. Two firemen cannot mend a hydrant, but the one has his head wholly wreathed with scarlet hibiscus, the other has orange marigolds wreathed all round his hat. If the cook come out to take the meat from the cart, her head or throat is wreathed in flowers (p. 236). Hawaii illustrates how much temperament and habit are under the influence of climate. In that atmosphere English people slough off their social shyness and get drawn into the swim of open-air life. Swimming and riding are everybody's sports. There are no such horsewomen in the world, and every lady-centaur rides astride, "flying like the wind over roughest roads and steepest bridle-paths." So, too, everybody swims. Go to luncheon at a seaside villa, and the first question is, "Will you have a swim?" Riding and swimming parties are combined. "Riding out to Waikiki on a moonlight night on horseback the entire party take a dip in the warm lagoon, followed by a gay little supper, and the ride home at a late hour." Balls and swimming parties are in vogue. At an entertainment at which Miss Krout was present, "waltzing went on until midnight; then the company dispersed. Soon they

returned in bathing costumes. Singing boys came out on the quay, and to the sound of singing and playing men and women leapt into the sea, and swam to the metre of the music. The moon was full; mountains in the distance; the foam of the surf breaking upon the reef; the shimmering waves stretching to the horizon; the tropical sky studded with stars; the voices of the singers blending with the lap and beat of the waves—it was all Hawaiian."

The vivacious, impulsive, somewhat vehement personality of the writer leaping out, every now and again, in and between the lines, adds to the interest of the book. The story of her fight against officialdom and nature itself, to become war correspondent at Hawaii, almost deserves a place in the annals of journalism.

The glimpse the book gives of Stevenson can hardly be omitted: "In the bow stood a tall, slender figure, clad in spotless white from head to foot. He stood directing his men with the utmost gentleness, speaking so softly that he could not be heard at the ship's side. His face was swarthy and seemed greatly emaciated, and his large dark eyes were like two burning stars. The hands were thin, nervous, and expressive."

HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

HUNTING REMINISCENCES OF FRANK GILLARD. By Cuthbert Bradley. London: Arnold.

REMINISCENCES OF THE COURSE, THE CAMP, THE CHASE. By Colonel Meysey-Thompson. London: Arnold.

HUNTING REMINISCENCES. By A. E. Pease, M.P. London: Thacker.

THROUGH the twilight of autumnal years there is to a keen sportsman an ever sweet backlook on his first hunting world. His days with hounds stand out as red-letter days in the calendar of memory. No satisfaction comes near that of a capital day's sport. George Whyte Melville, the laureate of the hunting field, once characteristically said, "After a good day he felt as if he had done a good action." Yet for a living his novelist's pen was ever busy. Foxhunting has shaped the life's course of many, and the annals of any great pack keep ever fresh the pleasant words and deeds of a long line of sporting ancestry. The enthusiasm of sport challenges the ravages of time, and though rheumatism cripple, or bronchial affections stifle, the fervour of the exercise, nothing can rob the true sportsman of the pleasant reminiscences of his early hunting days.

The three volumes before us stir up old memories, and make us again follow the hounds with an ever vivid delight. Mr. Bradley expands Frank Gillard's twenty-six years' diary notes in a very readable though at times necessarily monotonous manner. He is the son of the sporting parson who, as Cuthbert Bede, wrote the inimitable exploits of "Verdant Green," the Oxford "fresher." And no huntsman's name stands out in clearer relief than that of Frank Gillard, whose work and delight it was to hunt the celebrated Belvoir hounds for the sixth and seventh Dukes of Rutland during a period extending over a quarter of a century. Gillard always kept his pack up to the concert pitch of excellence, thereby securing their place as the first pack of the day. So highly was his opinion prized that in one month as many as twenty-five masters of hounds paid their yearly pilgrimage to the ducal kennel at Belvoir. In fact, every kennel looked to Belvoir blood for improvement to its own. Gillard was the model huntsman, a gentleman of his profession, whose authority on hound-breeding was second to none. A plucky horseman, he had a marvellous knack of always keeping with his hounds in the field, never losing his head over a fence, though his heart had gone before him. The sound of his musical voice was most inspiriting, and his much-prized copper horn was warranted to charm the very foxes from their earths. "*Nulla dies sine linea*" was Gillard's motto. Every evening after hunting he informed his master all that had taken place. Mr. Bradley's part has been the result of half-hours snatched with pen and pencil in the mid-current of stirring events during ten seasons' sport with the Belvoir hounds and Frank Gillard. In this way he has been able to follow the line in memory by familiar scenes, country, and fences, filling in the background of Gillard's carefully condensed story.

A sign of the times in the 'sixties was the number of sporting parsons who could claim honours in any country and kept good studs of hunters. "Hey!" said Gillard, "they were fine old sportsmen in those days, and seemed to enjoy their sport more than they do now; though possibly memories of foxhunting resemble port, in that they improve by keeping. What sport we did have; to be sure, it was all foxhunting then; no one ever thought about preserving game!" "Belvoir" and "foxhunting" are in this volume almost interchangeable terms. A Duke of Rutland may stand at one window of his dining-room and overlook twenty parishes, each of which bears a name that is associated with some brilliant episode in hunting history. The hunting-ground extended from the Trent to the German Ocean, and from Leadenham to Melton Mowbray—as the crow flies, thirty miles. In the opinion of Sir Thomas Whichcote, one of the hardest men that ever rode to hounds, Gillard held the proud position of huntsman to the "kindest master of the noblest pack of hounds in England." The strength of the kennel when Gillard was appointed was sixty-seven couple—in the "golden age of foxhunting."

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Belvoir as the guest of the Duke of Rutland made the 1872–3 season a memorable one, for he enjoyed three days' sport with the hounds. The horse ridden by the Prince was a superb chestnut, and carried him up to hounds over a stiff line of country in spite of a large, thrusting crowd. "At one fence a farmer took a fall just in front of the Prince, who, unable to check his horse, cleared the prostrate form; but he immediately pulled up, and riding back to the fallen horseman, expressed his regrets. To this day the incident is remembered and appreciated by sportsmen who love fairplay, for selfish indifference is too often, we fear, characteristic of a hard-riding Leicestershire field, whom Whyte Melville described as 'fierce as hawks, jealous as women.'" On another occasion the Empress of Austria, on her morning's cub-hunting with the Belvoir hounds, remarked to Gillard, after casting a very critical glance over the pack of twenty-three couple, "Why, you have all lady hounds out this morning!" This was a fact, but an exception to the rule, which was for a few small dog-hounds always to run with the lady-pack; and Gillard was surprised that it was noted so quickly. One of the notable characters at Belvoir was Mr. Micklethwaite, who nearly always rode a "roarer." His seat on a horse was a very loose one, and he summed up his enjoyment by the number of falls he took. "Capital day's sport, took five falls, and enjoyed myself thoroughly!" In 1896 Frank Gillard retired with his noble master, and left behind him such a number of superb stud-hounds as has probably seldom, if ever before, been assembled in the famous Belvoir kennel. This was the all-absorbing event of the season. It meant a disruption of associations which existed since foxhunting commenced. The retirement of the Duke of Rutland was looked upon as a national calamity by sportsmen; and no longer could the faithful and kind-hearted Frank Gillard serve even with his favourite pack. The volume contains an admirably executed photogravure of Frank Gillard and Sluggard, and portraits of the Dukes of Rutland.

One merit that Colonel Thompson can claim for the anecdotes related in his entertaining volume is that they are absolutely true; for great care has been taken to check the incidents by referring to diaries and old letters, where memory might have unintentionally proved inaccurate, on the backlook

of half a century. His grandfather used to shoot on his pony at the advanced age of eighty-two. Some of the entries in the old gentleman's diaries are very remarkable. One note tells us of the sentence of 1,000 lashes to a deserter. An amusing entry appears in 1794: "Went to see Gretna Green, and made the old parson who performs so drunk that he could not read ye marriage ceremony to a couple who went there soon after to be married, and they were obliged to wait till he was sober." The diary for 1800 is headed with the philosophical resolution:—"Resolved to live as jollily this New Year as my purse and constitution will allow, without injuring them." The Colonel was at Eton with Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Rosebery. Lord Randolph was chiefly distinguished for not caring whom he "cheeked," whether it was a bigger boy or a master. Lord Rosebery was a tower of strength, extraordinarily clever, and most amusing. In "Pop," the Eton Debating Society, they used to look eagerly forward to his speeches, which were even then full of the same sparkle as in his mature years. The Colonel, however, beat his lordship at fencing. He had the distinguished honour when a boy of singing a duet with the famous Jenny Lind. He was particularly taken with Rarey, the horse-tamer, with the untamable savage, Cruiser. The book is full of anecdotes about racehorses, otters, foxes, etc. An Irishman has a wonderful knack of finding excuses. The landlord had drained his land for him, thinking that would be a great boon, and stop the complainings. But on rent day Pat said he was quite unable to pay a bit of rent at all. "Why, how is this?" said the landlord. "Have not I drained all the land for you, and made it sound?" "Shure, your honour," replied the tenant, "and that's the rason of it. Begorra, the eels paid the rint before; and, now your honour has drained the land, sorra an eel is ivir seen!" The Colonel was for a time Adjutant of the West Meath Rifles; and many examples of Irish humour are recorded. One of his early acquaintances at the Curragh was old Johnny Doyle, the celebrated jockey. Johnny's opinion was that the racehorses of the early part of the century were much stouter and hardier than those of the present day, though undoubtedly not so speedy. The Colonel had a curious but effectual cure for spitting in the ranks. The culprit was obliged to stand at ease, and "spit for five minutes by the watch." His experiences during the Ashanti campaign are thrillingly told; and he unhesitatingly gives his opinion that for light infantry work the present system cannot compare with the old. But he occasionally loses his head when he speaks about animal magnetism.

The standing-out feature of Mr. Pease's volume is the sketch-work of the late Sir Frank Lockwood. York Gimcracks (*temp.* 1767), as they drink the health of the City members, and the member of the club offering to accompany the senior member to a missionary meeting, are inimitable pen-and-ink sketches. The author very racily delineates his experiences of steeplechases, fox-hunting, hare-hunting, and badger-hunting. His first drag was on "that beautiful, roaring, arch-kneed, and queer-tempered bloody son of Ballot," over the picked patches of Cambridgeshire, "behind or in front of the wild brutes we dignified with the name of hounds." He once heard of a man, who was walking with his dog (a crop-eared cur, with a stump of a tail), being asked by a passer-by, "What do you call your dog?" The owner replied, "Well, sir, he was a greyhound, and we called him 'Fly'; but we cropped his loogs and coot off his tail and made a mastiff on him, and called him 'Lion.'" This was a transformation with a vengeance! On another occasion, a mail-coachman was using frightful language to his team, when a passenger referred to the patience of Job. This called forth the remark: "Yes, sir; but did Job ever drive three blind uns and a bolter?" This is the style of the humour with which the volume bristles.

THE FALL OF POLAND.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; THE PARTITION OF POLAND AND THE TREATY OF KAINARDJI. By Albert Sorel, of the Académie Française. Translated by F. C. Bramwell. With a Preface by C. R. L. Fletcher. London: Methuen & Co.

It is not perhaps quite clear why anyone should have taken the trouble to translate this little book while M. Sorel's greater and more mature work on Europe and the French Revolution has not yet been translated. But Mr. John Morley, perfect French scholar as he is, has admitted that he prefers translations to originals, and if there are many English historical students of the same mind Mr. Bramwell's labour will be repaid. The book is worth reading, and therefore, presumably, worth translating. The title is somewhat too ambitious. M. Sorel tells us next to nothing of the internal condition of Turkey and Poland, which rendered them an easy prey to their neighbours. But, as the long survival of Turkey shows, sociological conditions are not always so potent as some historical fatalists suppose, and the immediate causes of the fall of Poland were personal and diplomatic. M. Sorel gives an admirable account of the partition of Poland from this point of view. He has no equal among historians for lucid description of diplomatic deceits, and though much has been written of recent years about the fall of Poland, we know no other book which tells this part of the story so well. We should only qualify our praise by advising the student to read at the same time Von Moltke's monograph.

Frederick is in a sense the villain of the piece; that is to say, he was the one man who knew all along what he wanted to get and got it. The Russians and Austrians were scheming too, but they were not scheming for the same object throughout. Catherine would have preferred to make her territorial acquisitions southwards, taking a larger part of European Turkey and inducing Austria to share in the plunder, while maintaining in Poland an ascendancy which might gradually ripen into sovereignty. It was Frederick's object to secure East Prussia, and thus consolidate his own territory, while securing it in such a way as should establish a triple alliance between the three strong Powers of Central and Eastern Europe, and thus give him the peace which was necessary to repair the financial losses of the Seven Years' War. He was determined never again to be a party to the secular conflict between England and France. "The only thing to do," he wrote to Prince Henry in 1763, "is to avoid all alliances with these peoples, and to let them go their way; what have we to do with codfish and Cape Breton?" In 1768 he said to Nugent, the Austrian Minister, "We are Germans, what matters it to us if the English and French fight for Canada and the islands of America?" He had felt the grip of a Russian-French alliance before, and understood that it was to his interest to keep Eastern Europe neutral in the conflict between the maritime powers. Russia would have been glad enough to keep the peace with him if left free to do as she liked in Turkey, but this would only have served half Frederick's purpose. To keep peace and gain West Prussia as well, Austria too must be dealt with. Maria Teresa was a partisan of the French alliance, and if French diplomacy had been in decently capable and honest hands the two Catholic powers might have still worked together—perhaps, in the long run, to the greater advantage of the House of Hapsburg. Frederick managed to secure Austrian support partly by exaggerating the danger of Russian advance. "In time," he said to Joseph, "it will need neither you nor me, but the whole of Europe, to keep those gentry within bounds. The Turks are nothing to them." He convinced Joseph and Kaunitz that France, the hereditary protector of Poland, might safely be disregarded. Maria Teresa herself was not blind to the advantage of France's moral decadence. "If the Duc de Choiseul," she wrote to

Maria, "were still in office, he would doubtless take advantage of the opportunity to strip us of some part of the Low Countries, where we should not be in a condition to offer the slightest resistance." Finally Frederick actually lured Austria into the first aggression against Poland, using as his bait that greed for new territories which has always been the bane of the Vienna Chancellerie. So Maria Teresa allowed Kaunitz to go so far that she saw it to be impossible for them to retrace their steps.

M. Sorel is justly severe on the politicians of his own country, who, by allowing Poland to be divided without even obtaining territorial compensation, suffered a loss of prestige which had not a little to do with the fall of the dynasty. He also comments strongly on English inaction. "The English," he says, "were preparing to learn to their cost that they can never dissociate themselves from Eastern affairs, even when they believe it to be the adroit course or think it to be necessary." We have never been able to regard that non-intervention as among the mistakes of the most incompetent succession of Ministers who controlled English policy during those fatal years; but the view of M. Sorel is worthy of respectful consideration. It may be noted that he recalls to his countrymen the words of Montesquieu —not less true now than when they were spoken: "The friendship of England is more to be sought, her hatred more to be feared, than the instability of her Government and her internal commotion would seem to warrant. . . . If some foreign power threatened the State and imperilled her fortune or her glory, lesser interests yielding to greater, all would unite in support of the executive power."

FROM YORKSHIRE.

Wit, Character, Folklore, and Customs of the North Riding of Yorkshire. By Richard Blakeborough. London: Henry Frowde.

There can be no doubt that a healthy decentralisation is setting in as regards everyday literature, that the country reader is ceasing to be ashamed to interest himself in provincial books and periodicals. And they are beginning to open his eyes to the advantages of the provincial life, to the change which has taken place since the days when art, music, and books were luxuries almost confined to "London, and the quality's houses." The fact is that nowadays a lawyer or a doctor in a little market-town who is "making" three or four hundred a year can not only live a life of dignified comfort, but can enjoy contact with opportunities of culture to an extent which it would surprise many Londoners to realise.

While Richard Jefferies re-discovered for many people the beauty of unspoiled English landscape, a host of writers began to show us the interest of English folklore and English dialects. It is no longer possible for a critic to ask "in what jargon" a novel of provincial life is written. "Local colour" is becoming such a useful commodity for penmen that one almost expects to see tins of it advertised. No sooner does Mrs. Newrich from Lancashire settle in Sussex than she inquires eagerly for local legends and adopts village traditions. Of course the philosophical basis of this sort of thing is the passion for "labels.' But it does spring partly from the fact that writers are going back to the soil.

Mr. Blakeborough has been working in that ancient mine of Yorkshire wit, character, and dialect to which the general public was first attracted by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould's "Yorkshire Oddities." Mr. Blakeborough has found plenty of gold, and a little lead, in the claims which he has staked out; and he has wisely decided to avoid moralising and wordiness in exhibiting his pickings. The result of his labours makes a considerable show. About the labourer he is amusingly frank. Even upon the title-page of his book Mr. Blakeborough tells us that he is a "society humorist." Elsewhere he explains that a "society humorist" is a person whose occupation it is to give recitals of character sketches at concerts, for bazaars, or to house-parties. But for this information we might have thought that the term, if wanted at all, should be reserved for such gentlemen as Mr. Birrell or the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

Mr. Blakeborough's illustrations of the wit and oddity of North Riding folk are acceptable, but we are not sure that we do not prefer his chapters upon customs and superstitions. These are full of matter, and the gathering of details has evidently been a labour of love; the author has displayed a gift of extracting information from old cottagers which marks him out as the right man to work up a local folklore society. The North Riding has had bridal customs enough to fill many pages of value. In Mr. Blakeborough's book may be read how to cure whooping cough with the help of nine frogs, why children must go up in the world before they go down, that breakages go by threes, and other important matter. There are excellent chapters upon witchcraft, idioms, proverbs and sayings, children's lore, and the grammar of the folk-speech. Last, but not least, there is a glossary which is quite a book in itself.

THE REWARD OF LABOUR.

Methods of Industrial Remuneration. By David F. Schloss. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Williams & Norgate.

Labor Copartnership. Notes of a Visit to Co-operative Workshops, Factories, and Farms in Great Britain and Ireland. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. London and New York: Harper & Brothers.

A past generation of economists entertained the hope that in course of time the wage-earner might be converted into a partner in the concern. Either he was to share his employer's profits while remaining an employee, or he was to realise Rousseau's description of republican freedom. He was to become part of a Collective Will—in other words, a manufacturing company composed solely of operatives—working for it, sharing in the total reward of its labour and capital, and helping it to a decision by his voice and his vote. It can hardly be said that these expectations seem so likely to be realised generally now as they seemed to the contemporaries of John Stuart Mill. Profit-sharing and industrial co-operation have established themselves as varieties of the simpler relation of master and man; both have exhibited important and unexpected developments; and both—especially the second—have had a considerable measure of success. But they do not seem likely to displace the wage system, and Mr. Schloss's book tells us why. It is, of course, a standard and well-known work on its subject; but since its first appearance in 1892 it has undergone extensive revision. Much new material has been embodied in it, and the whole has been recast. It deals, as its title implies, with the wage system as well as the alternatives to it, and it contains a vast deal of condensed information of very high value. But we reviewed its main conclusions on this subject in 1892, and they must now be tolerably familiar—though here and there we get passages that throw a good deal of light on various points in recent labour controversies. Thus, during the engineering dispute, much was made of the apparent unreasonableness of the Union rule, "One man, one machine." Mr. Schloss, however, qualifies this crude conclusion by showing us that though the machines in question, once started, run without the slightest human aid, yet the business of setting the work involves a severe strain on the operator, and the extra tension involved in having to think of two machines is often very severe. The bulk of the new information seems to us to be in the chapters on profit-sharing, and here we cannot feel encouraged by the results. The hope

that a prospective share of profits will stimulate industry and prevent waste does not appear to have been justified. The system in one or other of its forms is known to have been applied in 170 cases within the British Empire; it has been abandoned in 73; and in the useful table given by Mr. Schloss "dissatisfaction of employers" appears to be the most frequent cause of its abandonment. Moreover, Mr. Schloss points out that it is a good deal less advantageous for the workman than it looks. Some forms of it so lock up his savings in a provident fund that, if he wants to draw them, he must discharge himself or get discharged. Other forms separate him from his trade union, and so deprive him of the benefits of combination. Moreover—though Mr. Schloss disposes of the popular objection that gain-sharing should imply loss-sharing—he points out that the system may be so worked as to reduce wages, and may make the workman suffer for his employer's blunders—a fault which the sliding-scale method of remuneration avoids. In special cases, no doubt, it may be desirable and successful, but experience seems, on the whole, adverse. We may add—what Mr. Schloss does not add—that the natural tendency of the workman to grumble may be intensified under the system. He does not see all the management, but he sees quite enough to criticise, and the fact that he has a pecuniary stake in its success, however small, is likely to sharpen his criticism quite as much as his zeal. Co-operation, again, as Mr. Schloss points out, has by no means achieved all that its originators hoped. Industrial co-operation is very rarely self-employment, and employees' shares sometimes carry only limited voting rights. There has been some modification of this position since Mrs. Sidney Webb pointed it out in 1891, but the ideal is far from realisation, and employees naturally prefer not to risk in one undertaking their capital and the prospect of their earnings alike. Nor is it clear that under the mixed plan of labour co-partnership the stake of the men in their business would generally be adequate to prevent a strike. The co-operative movement eminently merits our sympathy, but its ideal is a long way off achievement.

If Mr. Schloss's careful summary of results rather disheartens the reader, Mr. Lloyd's enthusiastic account of what he has seen may serve as a restorative. Mr. Lloyd was moved by the Delft Congress last year to come over to England and see the movement for himself. He began with its application to land as its least hopeful aspect; he went on to the Irish creameries, and he studied carefully the older developments of the system in distribution and production. What he saw convinced him that the movement was a success. The apparent losses on the co-operative farms were partly paper losses, due to a stringent system of book-keeping, and partly due to the hostility of landlords and land laws. One cannot help seeing, however, that some of the successes he chronicles in agricultural co-operation are to some extent due to the fact that its market is assured, and that there is some truth in the contention of Scottish opponents that the movement succeeds because it is not run on commercial lines, but conducted by enthusiasts who will do a great deal of work gratis. But the same criticism might be passed on the peasant farming of the Channel Islands. The Guernsey or Jersey small proprietor will turn out all his family at 4 a.m., if need be, to dig early potatoes, and their labour is not counted in the cost of production. Yet the islands were never so prosperous as to-day. Mr. Lloyd gives plenty of interesting details of the kind a foreigner sees better than a native—though it is rather inconvenient to have all the money stated in dollars—and his enthusiasm communicates itself in some degree to his readers. Still, one cannot but feel that the forms taken by co-operation and labour co-partnership are only one set of forms of distribution, and that they are not, and are not likely to be, of universal application.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE.

The Dawn. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Arthur Symons. London: Duckworth & Co.

Ventures in Verse. By James Williams. London: Methuen & Co.

In a Village. By John A. Bridges. London: Elkin Matthews.

Lays of the Knights. By the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Idyls of Thought. By F. A. Homfray. London: George Allen.

Messrs. Duckworth could hardly have made a more fortunate choice than Verhaeren's *Les Aubes* for the first of their series of "Modern Plays." Present-day English literature has no parallel for this amazingly energetic, ardent, and moving dramatic spirit. *Les Aubes* burns and palpitates, lives, loves, and hates vehemently. There is no rest in it from start to finish. It has throughout the glare of those burning villages which is on the horizon of a war-tortured country in the first scene. Oppidomagne, the great town, greater than Rome or Carthage, is something that lives, devours, destroys, and yet inspires a love and worship greater than the patriotism for mountains. Verhaeren's burning lines have been rendered into impressive English by Mr. Arthur Symons, who is that priceless thing in an editor and translator, one willing to stand aside and let us see only his subject. There is something Scriptural in this plain chant of the ruin that is come upon the country surrounding Oppidomagne:—

> See there the cattle flying to the fens,
> The stallions rear and snap the trace in two,
> And snort against this woeful torch;
> And one has fled with burning on his heels,
> And death upon his flying mane.
> He turns his head about and bites the flame
> That eats upon his neck.
> Look, all of you, and see the hands
> Of madmen piling up the flames with pitchforks.
> The bells madden in the wind,
> Churches and towers crumble.
> God Himself might have fear—
> Who knows why this war was unchained?
> All the kings desire Oppidomagne,
> From the ends of the earth they desire it.

And again Oppidomagne drains the country starved. Here are the words in the mouth of old Ghislain the farmer:—

> Let all the plain and all the woods begone,
> And let the wind, the air, and the sky burn,
> And let the earth itself break as a pebble breaks.
> . . . . .
> Truly I ask myself, Why is it that I live?
> I dig a field the frost will reap;
> I farm the meadows that are evil-starred.
> . . . . .
> Hamlets and little towns are dead;
> Oppidomagne has sapped the strength of them,
> Oppidomagne has drained the blood of them.
> And now, behold,
> In every acre and in every close,
> Breathing abroad the several maladies
> Of water and of earth and air and sun.
> . . . . .
> When I was but a child we feasted sowing-time;
> The soil was kindly then to folk and horned beasts,
> The flax came up like happiness in flower;
> But now, but now, men fear the earth,
> And surely needs must something have been violated,
> Some sacred and some obscure thing;
> Now 'tis the coal that all belongs to, kept
> Once in the covering night.
> The netted rails, upon the plains bestarred
> With golden signals, swarm;
> Trains graze the meadow-lands and pierce the banks,
> The living skies are eaten up with piercing smoke,
> The grass bleeds, and the virgin herb, harvest itself,
> Feed on the sulphur's poisonous breath.
> 'Tis now
> That, terrible in victory, come forth
> Iron and lead and fire;
> And hell itself comes forth with them.

There are only one or two failures in Verhaeren's conception, as it seems to the present writer. One

so burningly impatient as Jacques Hérénien could hardly have been a writer of books; and it would have been in accordance with tragic fitness if he had been devoured not by the regents but by his children, the people, like a great tribune of our own times.

Amid the ineptitudes of minor verse it is pleasant to come upon a book by a writer previously unknown to us who has something to say, and knows how to say it. The reviewer has read "Ventures in Verse" from beginning to end and found it good reading. Whether in his Russian, Scandinavian, or Spanish poems the poet is equally at home with poetry. His style is flexible, his vocabulary worthy, his imagination fresh and picturesque, and he has a very excellent lyrical manner. Then the matter of his poems make them inspiriting reading. He has added to the themes of *Lyra Heroica*. Here is a Russian song which has the added charm of novelty:—

Vera opened wide her door
Looking to the East,
Spreading yew-boughs on the floor
For Our Lady's Feast.

Through the forest gray with moss,
Rode the young boyar,
On his cap a silver cross
Glittered like a star.

"Little daughter, good, I pray,
Give me kvas to drink;
I have ridden fast to-day,
Till I well-nigh sink."

Kvas she gave him, and his look
Thanked her more than speech;
By the bridge he crossed the brook
Near the river beach.

In the Kremlin chapel he
Bows beside the Tsar.
It is nought to him that she
Dreams of him afar.

Stárosta Stéphan would crown
Vera bride in May;
He is but a peasant clown,
Vera says him Nay.

"Nay, my heart in love so rich,
It is lost to me.
Lost, Stephan Antonovitch,
Lost, but not to thee."

This travelled poet brings to his poetry pleasant airs from many lands. He is felicitous in all manners and moods; and his book ought to assure its writer an honourable place in contemporary poetry. It has a very becoming modesty withal, as witness its motto from *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Mr. Bridges' is a homely muse, of country looks, but not ill-favoured. His is the leisurely and simple verse-making of one who has time to observe Nature in her processes, and human life go its uneventful way amid the most natural surroundings. So it has something of a tonic quality. The air of the fields is in the very titles of his poems, as, to wit, "The Hill Farm," "The Old Ploughman," "Farmer Brown," "The Dripping Well," "The Mower," "Bean Blossoms," etc. etc. It is simple work, but very good and true to its inspiration. For instance, here are a brace of verses from "The Old Church":—

Who charmed me then let memory tell,
Held half my hymn-book, all my fancy.
A doctor's daughter wove the spell,
And yonder sits my darling Nancy.
Time as he stole each maiden grace
Proved the dear witch was all I thought her.
One near her has the old-time face,
The daughter of the doctor's daughter.

. . . . . .

And could I still as oft before
I was on many a happy Sunday
Be here the little child once more
I may have ceased to be on Monday,
And shed my troubles when I came
To this dear porch I would not sorrow,
No glimpse of the millennium
Forbade me take them up to-morrow.

Mr. Bridges's country is not Arcadia, but none the less sweet, fresh, and wholesome, with real rustics and real groves and fields. The local and particular patriotism of the poems is very delightful.

Father Barraud has a fluent pen and a ready mastery of metre. His heroic ballads are good swinging, spirited measures. Cultivation and a knowledge of the classics add a scholarly flavour to a natural gift. This poetry is very much in earnest, and its enthusiasm is a quality not to be overpraised. Love of nature and an ardent patriotism are side by side with fervent religious feeling. He strikes hard when he is striking for the right, or what is his right. What will Madame Sarah Grand and her friends say to this?—

THE MODERN AMAZON.

Whence are these gross abortions? Girls that shoot,
Wrestle, leap, fence, and swagger in their speech.
Oh, for the brush of Hogarth or of Leech
To show them what they are! The very brute,
In sexual differences each kind to suit,
Hath a refined philosophy to teach:
And can it be its truths are out of reach
To Christian women? Then dash down the lute!
Shall "young men of both sexes" be the name
Given to England and youth, the gentle heart
Grow hardened, and the maid forget her shame?
Then get ye gone, proud memories; depart
All love of home, all heritage of fame,
Perish, old England, from the seaman's chart.

Father Barraud's book contains, however, much better poetry than this somewhat over-vehement sonnet. Propagandism is generally fatal to poetry.

"Idyls of Thought" has a purity and delicacy of colour and phrase that suggest Tennyson. Something of the austere loveliness and aloofness of the late Laureate have fallen upon the happy writer—something of the enchantment of his phrases:

The great tower singing to the stormy night.

That and a thousand other phrases suggest the dead master. The beauty of colour in "Buttercup Time," the majesty of the rhythm in "The Snow-clouds," are each fortunate and felicitous. And some of the lyrics with which the book closes are freshly beautiful, especially and notably "A Spring Fancy."

FICTION.

THE ADVENTURERS. A Tale of Treasure-Trove. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. London: Harper & Brothers.

RICROFT OF WITHENS. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE SHADOW OF LIFE. By Marten Strong. London: C. Arthur Pearson.

MR. MARRIOTT-WATSON has attempted a very ambitious flight in his story of "The Adventurers." If it falls short of complete success it is only because its author has aimed so high. Stevenson is obviously his model, and "Treasure Island" has clearly impressed its influence upon his tale. But it was not given even to Stevenson at all times to reach the splendid level of "Treasure Island," and his disciples may be excused when they also fall short of it. "The Adventurers" is a purely romantic tale, set in the midst of the prosaic scenery of the Welsh border, at a date not more than a few years distant from the present year of grace. The author has been inspired by a fine audacity in thus placing a story of wildly romantic adventure, in which trap-doors, secret passages, a drawbridge, a portcullis, a band of Greek pirates, and cosmopolitan villains of incredible wickedness are all brought into juxtaposition with the commonplace life of to-day. If he had put his story back a hundred years it would have been accepted much more readily by most of his readers, but it requires uncommon faith to swallow it in its nineteenth century guise. Nevertheless, it is a good story, told with extreme care and genuine literary skill. There are passages in it

where the reader feels as though he must hold his breath until he has turned some ugly corner in the fortunes of the hero. Even the very incongruousness of the thing, the curious contrast between the strange doings in Mr. Marriott-Watson's Welsh castle and the performances of the very modern county constabulary, adds, to a certain extent, to the effectiveness of the story. But it does not add to its convincingness, and unless a story is really convincing it cannot be regarded as wholly successful. When next Mr. Marriott-Watson applies his gifts to the production of a romantic tale, it is to be hoped that he will not only give us as good a story as "The Adventurers," but set it before us at the proper focus. If he does so, he is bound to achieve a brilliant success.

The influence of "Lorna Doone" is vividly impressed upon the pages of "Ricroft of Withens." We regret this, because the story has merits of its own amply sufficient to justify a favourable verdict from the reviewer. Mr. Sutcliffe, moreover, has given his tale a turn which leads it in a different direction from that of Mr. Blackmore's great romance. If he could only have avoided the similarity of the essential *motif* of the two stories, it would have been better still. A tribe of semi-savage, semi-refined men, living in isolation in a remote Yorkshire valley, sheltered on every hand by bogs, and moors, and cliffs, and pursuing a predatory existence, stealing the cattle and the women of their more peaceful neighbours, fill the chief portion of the canvas in "Ricroft of Withens." Unlike the Doones of Exmoor, the Carlesses were not natives of the district in which they had settled to the terror of its inhabitants. They came from farther north still, perhaps from beyond the Border, and they represented an ancient family, once of good estate, whose fortunes had been ruined by their fidelity to the faithless Stuart king who died at Whitehall. In 1745, when the story opens, this gang of well-born robbers and ravishers seem to be practically masters of the situation. The Government of the day was, of course, engaged in putting down the rebellion which received its *coup de grâce* at Culloden; and, if we may believe Mr. Sutcliffe, the local authorities of Yorkshire were far too weak to attempt to cope with the misdeeds of these formidable outcasts. In this matter we cannot but think that our author has exaggerated. He draws a picture of the West Riding in 1745 which might be that of a country in which law was altogether unknown. If he will turn to a file of the *Leeds Mercury* for that year, he will find that the West Riding was a peaceable and settled district, that his Majesty's judges duly went on assize to try offenders, and that batches of unlucky wretches were hanged at York with unfailing regularity after each periodical jail-delivery. This is, however, a blemish upon the story which the reader will readily forgive in consideration of its conspicuous merits. It is a story that is full of vigour and life, and it contains, in addition to many scenes of interest, one or two of surpassing excellence. Among these must be accounted the narrative of the fight at the inn in which the Young Pretender—who has slipped away from his retreating army in order to do an act of courtesy to a lady—plays the leading part, and the recital of the attack upon the stronghold of the Carlesses, in which those worthies are finally routed. There is a robust fibre about the book which suits its theme, for it deals with men and women cast in the rough but heroic mould of the people of the dales and moors. It is, in short, a manly book about real men and women.

"The Shadow of Life" is a somewhat bewildering story. One might almost suppose that it had been written by fits and starts, and that the author had accidentally lost the chapters connecting the portions that he has now printed. At any rate, the book is distinctly jerky in style, and frequent calls are made upon the imagination of the reader in order to fill the links that are missing in the narrative. In the opening chapters we are at Vienna, with a splendid young English earl and his beautiful bride, Yvonne by name. The bride, with a rapidity we have never known equalled—in fiction, at all events—runs away from her husband to join an old lover, leaving behind her a note in which she insults the earl in every imaginable way. This does not make the earl love her less, but rather more; but it leads to his becoming a Nihilist—presumably because the lady's lover was a Russian Grand Duke. Furthermore, it causes him to drop his title, and to adopt a Russian girl who is connected in some mysterious fashion either with the Grand Duke or with one of his greatest enemies. Then the scene shifts, and we are hurried to an English country house. Here the ex-earl is living under an assumed name with his adopted daughter and a Russian lady, who appears to be her governess. The house is a luxurious one, and the happy family are surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth; yet, seeing that the earl has made no claim to his estates since he allowed the world to suppose him dead, and is now earning his living as a banker's clerk, it is a little difficult to understand how he manages to keep up such style, except upon a theory that does not flatter his character for honesty. The employers of the noble earl are as mysterious as he is himself. Whilst their business appears to be that of ordinary banking, they are, as a matter of fact, the agents and rulers of a wonderful secret society, originated by the Chaldees—for what earthly purpose we are not permitted to learn. His lordship the clerk, in virtue of his possession of a mystic ring, incidentally presented to him by a dying man at Venice, is the chief of this mysterious sect, whose orders all its members are bound to obey even to death itself. When the Russian young lady grows up to womanhood—a feat which she accomplishes with a rapidity that recalls the story of Jonah's gourd—she is much loved by two fine young men, one a Russian prince, who is apparently her cousin, and who is also a member of the secret society; the other an English officer, who has become a colonel at five-and-twenty, and who is the next heir to the earldom which the bank clerk has cast aside. The young lady ought to marry the Russian, but prefers the Englishman. Matters are complicated when the Russian is arrested for the murder of the earl's faithless wife, a tragedy which happens, curiously enough, in her husband's park. But the Englishman generously takes upon himself the responsibility for the deed, and the Russian is set free to pursue his courtship. In the end nobody is hanged, and the young people are made happy, though in what manner the reader must ascertain for himself.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

THE problem of the Liberal leadership has given writers of all shades in politics an excellent opportunity to deluge the Liberal party with various qualities of criticism, prophecy, and advice. In *The Nineteenth Century*, whose editor begs many questions by calling the crisis a collapse, Dr. Guinness Rogers hastens to remove his imputation. While deprecating present discussion of possible leaders, he makes an effective defence of Lord Rosebery's attitude over the Fashoda question as calculated to forward the best interests of peace, and upholds an Imperialism very far removed from Jingoism; while he pleads, very properly, for tolerance among Liberals of diversity of opinion in the party ranks. Mr. Sidney Low's article, advocating (apparently) the admission of Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Edward Grey to the Tory Cabinet, is curious, inasmuch as it illustrates the absolute ignorance of even a clever publicist of the conditions of a political party with which he does not happen to be in sympathy; otherwise, it does not call for notice. Nor, perhaps, does the ingenuous exposition of the Independent Labour Programme, by two of the best-known leaders of the

party. Liberalism—so they tell us—is out of date; Socialism—of a tempered sort—is to take its place; and, to begin with, the I.L.P. will contest twenty-five constituencies at the next election, and demand that the Liberal party shall "let them alone" there. If the leaders did so, we fancy that the Liberal rank and file will assuredly "let them alone" also, in another and a less desired fashion. We can only notice, besides Professor Percy Gardner's "Impressions of American Universities"—he dwells on the growth of post-graduate study, the decline of co-education, and the development of one-man management in University matters, as in other American enterprises—some interesting recollections of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by Joseph Jacobs, and a "personal experience" of the arresting of tuberculosis by fresh air and nourishment, which is of interest in connection with the movement inaugurated the other day at Marlborough House. Finally, Mr. Swinburne contributes a fine "Prologue to the Duchess of Malfy," which may possibly startle the ordinary reader by its declaration that Webster was the inheritor of "half Shakespeare's glory."

In *The Contemporary Review* Mr. William Clarke treats Bismarck as the champion and protagonist of the "Counter-Revolution," as realising that Conservative Hegelian conception of the State as absorbing and dominating the individual which developed from and supplanted the individualistic theories exhibited in the French Revolution, and held even by Kant. Bismarck is displayed as the exponent of a narrow nationalism, a believer in the strong-man theory of government, clear as to his ends and entirely Machiavelian as to means. But Mr. Clarke gives us hope, as an inference from the principles of evolution, that the military state is not the ultimate form; nations will effect their survival by means of their respective services to mankind. We hope so, though we cannot but reflect that Nature's tendency is to eliminate a good many serviceable forms in favour of hardier and better organised, but less complex rivals; and one or two of Mr. Clarke's points might have been put differently—*e.g.* Bismarck himself was clearly never a *conscious* Hegelian, and there were at least three sorts of political Hegelians, two of whom were Liberal; while, like other advanced thinkers, Mr. Clarke certainly exaggerates the political action and aims of the great financiers of Europe. Still, the article is a long way above the ordinary level, and we hope Liberalising neo-Hegelians, in England and America, may be led by it to consider their ways. Mr. E. N. Bennett's "After Omdurman," with its account of the atrocities which the Soudanese troops and some of our own men committed, and which the Sirdar is alleged to have taken no pains to prevent, has been already sufficiently summarised in the Press, and has set up a heated controversy which cannot be dealt with here. But Mr. Bennett is anything but "humanitarian" or sentimental. He has seen fighting in Crete, and takes occasion in this article to denounce Cretan Christians and to scout Christian sympathy for them, and for the Armenians likewise. Of the other articles, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's on the New Catechism is a valuable historical "source"; and Prof. Solly's "Dollatry" (or the manner of playing with dolls) is a contribution to "child-psychology," sometimes childish and generally too uncritical to be called science; but it is amusing reading, nevertheless.

The Fortnightly Review devotes two articles to the future of Liberalism. "Recreant Leaders," by a well-known journalist, is disappointing. The writer, very properly, demands union and concentration on some definite issue of domestic politics; but he specifies land reform, and evidently ignores (incidentally) the existence of the Settled Land Act, which weakens our confidence in his lead. Moreover, how is an Upper House of landlords voluntarily to pass a drastic programme of anti-landlord reform? "The Disraeli of Liberalism"—an unsigned article, whose author will probably be heard of in the near future—deals, with somewhat insufficient knowledge, with Lord Rosebery's position and prospects. The basis of the title is merely that Lord Rosebery has educated his party—up to an acceptance of continuity in foreign policy and a policy of "expansion." Whether he will be a strong or weak Foreign Minister the author hesitates to predict, though he hints an inclination to the unfavourable view; but apart from predictions, the article has a value in its illustrations of Lord Rosebery's foreign policy since 1886. Professor Max Müller's pleasant recollections of Dean Liddell have already been noticed in our columns. "Tricolor" takes a hopeful view of the power of the French nation to overcome its Anti-Semite and Militarist plagues. We can mention besides only Mr. Lionel Decle's roseate view of the prospects of the Tanganyika Railway, with plenty of interesting illustration; and Mr. Pennell's very specialist article on "Cycles and Cycling," which incidentally declares that the spirit of invention is dormant just now. But the number is a good one—notably in its more literary articles, which we pass over only from lack of space.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* contains a good story, by Mr. F. H. Melville, of an incident in the life of James VI. of Scotland, but in the rest of the contents there is nothing very remarkable. Mr. H. A. Bryden gives an account of rhinoceros and lion hunting in Africa, and Mr. Alexander Mackintosh writes of the hobbies of some members of Parliament. "Lady Barbarity," Mr. J. C. Snaith's story of the time of the Jacobite rebellion, is continued. Amongst other contributors are Messrs. Louis Wain and W. Pett Ridge.—Mr. Frederick Greenwood contributes an article to *Macmillan's Magazine* on public opinion in public affairs, in which he traces with ample knowledge and great ability the influence of the press upon our foreign policy. According to Mr. Greenwood, journalists of the higher class stand upon an equal footing with Foreign Office officials in their power of directing the policy of the country. In analysing the composition of London traffic, Mr. P. H. Oakley-Williams finds that the omnibus is the cause of the greatest obstruction, and as a remedy for the congested state of our streets, the writer suggests that between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon only a limited number of omnibuses should be allowed within a two-mile radius of Charing Cross. Mr. Spencer Brodhurst contributes an article on the Egyptian question, and Mr. Charles Edwardes gives an account of a Portuguese bull-fight.—The chief feature of the *Argosy* is a good, complete story by Mrs. Henry Wood. Mr. Harold Macfarlane writes of humours of the jury system, and there are two serials and some short stories.

Temple Bar contains more fiction than usual. Miss Rhoda Broughton and Mr. Egerton Castle both contribute instalments of their serials, and there are several good short stories. Mr. F. C. Hodgson, writing of optimists and pessimists as represented by some great writers, concludes with a clear summary of the creed of rational optimism.—In an interesting unsigned article in *Blackwood* on the case, the cause, and the chiefs of the Carlists, the writer shows that the present Pretender no longer appeals for support on the same grounds as his grandfather. Whilst the first Don Carlos offered his country the advantages of "a despotic king united to an intolerant Church," the Don Carlos of to-day authorises his representatives to declare that his Majesty, far from being an enemy of representative institutions, is much in favour of the "traditional liberties" of Spain. Mr. John Buchan's story, "No-Man's-Land," is powerful, although the writer lacks the magic of Edgar Allen Poe. The "Autobiography of a Child" is of too painful a nature to form pleasant reading, but the pathetic little figure of Angela, the child-

heroine, cannot fail to win the reader's sympathy "Men who have kept a Diary" and "Montrose and Argyle in Fiction" are subjects of two of the other articles.

In *Cassell's Magazine*, in his article on the King and Queen of Portugal, Mr. Weatherby Chesney gives an interesting account of Don Carlos the First. The king's attitude towards England is clearly shown by his own words: "The English are the best friends of Portugal, and therefore of Portugal's king; but, unhappily, while I can recognise that fact, my subjects cannot. They are fine fellows, these subjects of mine; but . . . their sturdy patriotism makes them perhaps a little bit too sensitive." Mr. Max Pemberton contributes part of his serial, "The Garden of Swords," and Mr. William Le Queux one of his stories of Monte Carlo. Mr. Herbert Ward's description of the methods practised by Arab slave-raiders, in the forest region between the Aruimi and the Congo, is drawn from personal observation. Amongst other contributors are John Strange Winter, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, Messrs. Stephen Crane and Edwin Pugh.—The *Pall Mall Magazine* is good. Miss Frances H. Low records her impressions of the Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam, Mr. W. Clark Russell continues his story of the ship, and an officer gives his experiences of the Khartoum expedition. In her article on naval heroes at Westminster Abbey, Mrs. E. T. Murray Smith seeks consolation for the hideousness of some of the naval monuments, by recalling the gallant deeds of the seamen whose names they record. Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson relates another escapade of the impudent and audacious Lord Francis Charmian. Mr. Crockett's serial is continued, and Lady Lindsay, Messrs. A. T. Quiller Couch, Louis Becke, and A. E. W. Mason are all represented in this number.—The *Girl's Realm* continues to fulfil the promise which it gave in its first number. Amongst the contributors this month are the Bishop of Ripon, Miss Jane Barlow, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, Miss Agnes Giberne, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, and Mrs. Emma Marshall.—The *Cornhill Magazine* contains the opening chapters of a new serial by Mr. S. R. Crockett, and some more of the delightful "Etchingham Letters." An eighteenth-century romance, the story of Lady Sarah Lennox, who was very near to becoming Queen of England, is well told by Mr. James Mowbray. Miss Edith Sichel's article on women as letter-writers ends with a plea for the revival of the art of letter-writing. Mr. Robert Bridges contributes a poem, and Mr. W. B. Duffield a study of Daniel O'Connell. Lady Broome, in her article on the humours of bird-life, shows that Dr. Watts could have had little experience of the manners and customs of birds when he stated that their domestic life was of a peaceful character.—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's chronicle of the adventures of "Stalky & Co." is the best feature of the *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Archibald S. Hurd sketches the history of the largest naval gunnery school in the world, which is to be found on Whale Island, in Portsmouth Harbour; another writer tells the stories of some famous flags, and Mr. George Mowbray gives a description of the ice palaces of Canada. Mr. Crockett's serial is continued, and there are also contributions from Messrs. W. Pett Ridge, Gambier Bolton, Robert Eustace, Miss L. T. Meade, and Miss Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.—In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Andrew Lang expresses his disbelief in the conspiracy against certain books and authors, the discovery of which is announced in the *British Weekly*. General Oglethorpe, "a Paladin of Philanthropy," is the subject of a very interesting article by Mr. Austin Dobson. It was Oglethorpe's pity for the sufferings of the prisoners in the Fleet, and his efforts to find for them employment and a future, which resulted in the founding of Georgia. Mr. Rider Haggard's "Farmer's Year" is continued, and the new serial, "Parson Kelly," is the joint-work of Messrs. A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

It was Mr. Graham's good fortune to make the acquaintance, under exceptional circumstances, of two people who played a prominent part in the lives of three of the greatest poets of the century. He has here reprinted in a permanent form magazine articles which appeared several years ago and which run the risk of being forgotten. They stand together in the present slim volume with the attractive title, "Last Links with Byron, Shelley, and Keats." It appears that Miss Clairmont's confidences are only partially disclosed even yet, for she made Mr. Graham, who formed her acquaintance at Florence in 1878, promise that the whole story of her life should not be revealed before the year 1901. Mr. Graham professes to give, on the authority of Jane Clairmont, the true story of the Byron separation, and he relates at considerable length his conversations with a woman who seems to have retained even in old age her powers of repartee and the manners of a coquette:—"Sitting one day by the Arno, I asked Jane Clairmont the reason of her prejudice against Byron and her strong affection for Shelley. 'I have no prejudice against Byron,' she replied. 'He behaved atrociously to me; but that was my own fault; I ought to have known better—or, perhaps, misfortune would be the better word—for I was too young to have any knowledge of character. All those reports about rancour were set about by La Guiccioli. Naturally a woman does not like to have her child taken from her, and to be left almost without means. . . . Byron was a great poetic genius, and, in his way, a thorough man of the world; but he was utterly selfish, utterly false, and utterly spoiled and vain, while, as the French say, he was always playing to the gallery.'" When Mr. Graham, greatly daring, asked, "'Have you never loved, Madame?' a delicate blush suffused the cheeks, and she made no reply, gazing on the ground. 'Shelley?' I murmured. 'With all my heart and soul,' she replied." There is much sentimental talk in the book; but perhaps the most interesting chapter is that which relates to Keats. This is how Mr. Graham describes the late Joseph Severn, the artist-friend of the poet, in whose arms Keats died in Rome when the century, like himself, was young:—"It was a handsome old man, though a very old man indeed, who approached me on entering that room in Scala Dante, and after cordially greeting me, remarked, with a cheery laugh, 'You are probably only just in time to see me. In a very short time now I am due to join my friend Keats and the rest of my generation. I may at least claim the hearty thanks of the lovers of the sister-art for one thing. You would never have possessed the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" but for me. He saw the urn with me, and it was a favourite subject of conversation with us.' The talk drifted to the relations of Keats and Shelley. Mr. Severn declared that though Shelley was a passionate admirer of Keats, the latter did not reciprocate his enthusiasm. 'It has been put down,' he added, 'to Keats' independence of character, rendering him suspicious and impatient of Shelley's superior social position; and no doubt this may have had something to do with Keats' hesitation to accept Shelley's offers of hospitality, but it certainly would not have affected his literary estimate, for no man could better separate the man, in his adventitious circumstances, from the artist than Keats. He was a warm admirer of Byron, for instance, notwithstanding his own poetic bent lay in quite another direction, and notwithstanding Byron's violent abuse of him. It was another feeling than this altogether. The two natures were essentially dissimilar. Keats was an artist pure and simple. Shelley was far more than this—he was, or thought he was, a reformer, bitter and uncompromising, of the whole existing social order, burning with a fierce proselytising ardour. Both were drunk with the sense of beauty; but Shelley was far more universal and imbued with a far deeper spiritual sense.'" When due allowance is made for hero-worship and the point of view, enough is left to make this a fascinating record.

"Dod—1899" lives up, in its fifty-ninth year, to its wide and well-won reputation as a handy manual of reference to all the titled classes. The first part of the book contains an appeal to the eye in the shape of nearly thirty illustrations of the insignia of princes, peers, bishops, baronets, Knights of the Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, Victoria and Albert, the Distinguished Service Order, etc. This is followed by an essay in which the grounds for each claim to precedence are examined and explained at length, under the head of every office or dignity. There is also an interesting article on the inferior titles of living peers which bristles with curious facts. Then the titled classes

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* Last Links with Byron, Shelley, and Keats. By William Graham. London: Leonard Smithers & Co.

Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1899. Fifty-ninth year. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

The Secret of Good Health and Long Life. By Haydn Brown, L.R.C.P. London: James Bowden.

The Evolution of the English House. By Sidney O. Addy, M.A. ("Social England" Series.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

A Critical Study of "In Memoriam." By John M. King, D.D., Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Toronto, Canada: George Morang,

are described in true democratic order, or in other words, according to the place they occupy in the alphabet. The final pages contain papers on the sons and daughters of peers bearing courtesy titles, a complete list of the Privy Council, and other useful information. "Dod," in short, brings within the compass of a convenient volume exactly the facts which are most needed in books of reference of the kind.

Certain principles of right living which appeal to common sense are set forth in a lucid and attractive manner by Dr. Haydn Brown in "The Secret of Good Health." Lord Bacon, we are reminded, believed that nitre would prolong life. He took some of the salt every day for many years with the regularity of clockwork, but died at the age of sixty-six in spite of his theory. Food, drink, exercise, clothing, regularity, occupation, diversion, these are better panaceas, and Dr. Brown takes up his parable concerning them all. "Evolution has built man up to such a high pitch of perfection and complexity that a fine adjustment of habits is necessary for him, if he wish to live a reasonable length of time." As to sleeplessness, Dr. Brown insists that much can be accomplished by force of will. "Nervousness and brain activity can be successfully combated if a person is sufficiently sensible and determined." Sleeping-draughts ought to be rigidly eschewed, for they often create more mischief than they cure. A sensible little book, full of practical hints.

"The Evolution of the English House" is the latest volume of the Social England Series of handbooks. Mr. Addy brings to his treatment of the subject much lightly-handled and often curious knowledge, and the outcome is a valuable, though modestly-written, record. "The earliest remains of houses, properly so called, in Great Britain are of a round shape, with a central open hearth. They were built of wood or basketwork. Light was admitted by the door, or by the aperture in the roof, which formed a vent for the smoke. Such houses were made wind-and-water tight by a plastering of mud-clay. They appear to have been thatched with reeds or heather. The so-called beehive houses are imitations in stone of these round houses. Many prehistoric round houses were probably built of mud. . . The beehive houses show a tendency towards a rectangular form. The rectangular house, however, was not evolved from the round house, but from the temporary booth or tent built by shepherds for their summer residences on the mountains or summer pastures. Such a booth was erected by placing two wooden 'forks' or 'crutches' at a convenient distance apart, and extending a ridge-tree from the apex of one 'fork' to the apex of the other. The framework so made was covered with whatever material was most suitable for use." There are illustrations in the volume, and much exact information.

We have received another "Critical Study of 'In Memoriam,'" written by Dr. King, a Canadian scholar, who is known throughout the Dominion as the Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. It proves to be a singularly thoughtful exposition of Tennyson's most wonderful poem. Dr. King shows that "In Memoriam" is not a mere elegy, like the "Lycidas" of Milton, or the "Adonais" of Shelley. He regards it as a great philosophical and religious poem, which not only takes its colour from the century in which it was written, but also gives intense and beautiful expression to the faith of the present age.

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